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CHEESE SOUFFLÉ

A deep dish and a hot oven, and your soufflé (whisked white of egg folded into cheese sauce) will defy the law of gravity. If served as soon as baked, and eaten as soon as served, it will have the creamy consistency of the head of a Guinness.

Guinness Guide to

Savouries



SCOTCH WOODCOCK

Neither Scotch, nor a woodcock, but buttered toast spread with anchovy paste, covered with egg yolks cooked with cream and criss-crossed with anchovy fillets. The added dash of salt and cayenne increases your receptiveness to the Guinness that goes so well with this savoury.



ANGELS ON HORSEBACK

This is a savoury as heavenly as its name. Wrap plump, beardless oysters in rashers of streaky bacon. Now grill, and lay reverently on slivers of buttered toast ready to be served sizzling hot. The halos are all but visible.



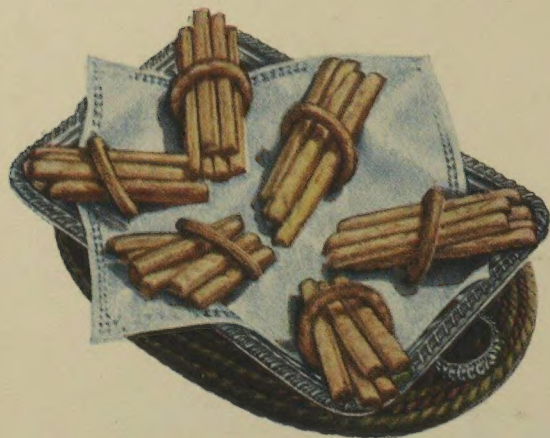
SURPRISE TOMATOES

A decorative savoury, hissing hot or blandly cold—it's up to you; as is the choice of tidbits for the filling. Tunny, or ham and mushroom, mixed with the pulp, are capital. Or try breaking an egg into each and baking them.



DEVILS ON HORSEBACK

Like their angelic fellow-troopers, these delectable morsels are uniformed in bacon, but this time it conceals a piece of chicken liver, sprinkled with chopped shallot and parsley and dusted with cayenne. Devils? Only in so far as they're grilled.



CHEESE STRAWS

Though nowadays they generally accompany cocktails, they are among the traditional English mealtime savouries. Equal parts of flour, Parmesan and butter, plus egg-yolk, are the elements of these crisp little melting faggots; and a little cayenne gives them a soul.

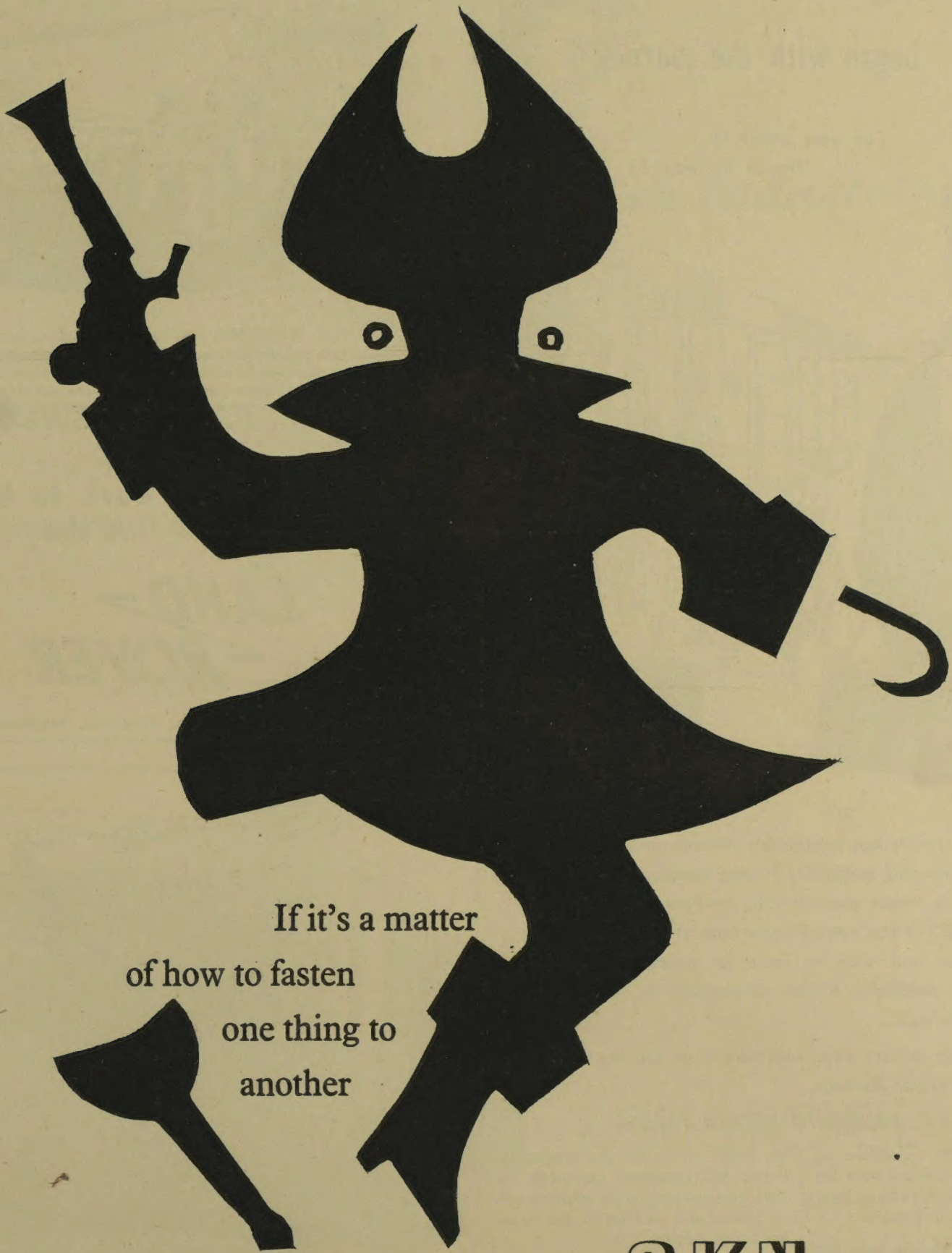


EGGS MIMOSA

Fill scooped-out halves of hard-boiled eggs with a *pâté* of cooked liver or meat paste, and cover lightly with a mixture of Béchamel sauce and mayonnaise. Then sift the egg yolks over all through a coarse sieve—a covering of golden balls like the flowers of mimosa.



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IS GOOD FOR YOU**



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of how to fasten
one thing to
another

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GOING TO THE CONTINENT?

... my holiday fun

began with the journey

(do **you** travel by
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NO FRANCS NEEDED Tickets, reservations

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for seats, couchette and wagon-lits berths and restaurant car meals for both outward and return journeys can be booked and paid for in this country before leaving.

MOTOR COACH TOURS French Railways also run motor coach tours visiting the principal places of interest in the Vosges, Jura, Alps, Riviera, Provence, Auvergne, Pyrenees, Côte d'Argent, Valley of the Loire, Brittany and Normandy.



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CVS-71

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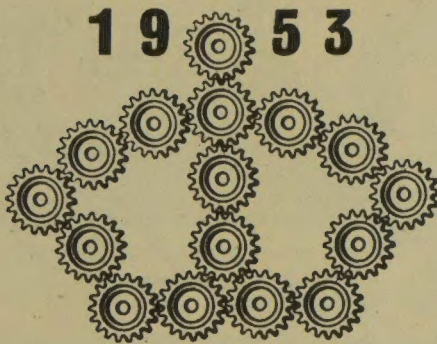
CVS-36



NATIONAL BENZOLE MIXTURE

National Benzole Company Limited, Wellington House, Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1
(The distributing organisation owned and entirely controlled by the producers of British Benzole)

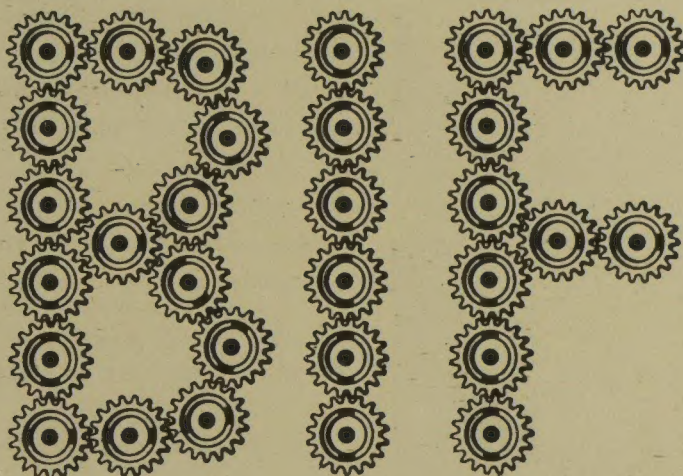
1953



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national trade fairs

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Coronation Year



Free advance catalogues, listing exhibitors, and further information about the Fair can be obtained from the nearest British Embassy, Legation, Consulate or United Kingdom Trade Commissioner.

London—Birmingham • 27 April—8 May



Van Dyck's portrait of King Charles I (reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the National Gallery, London) is a study in light and shade, in elegance and dignity.

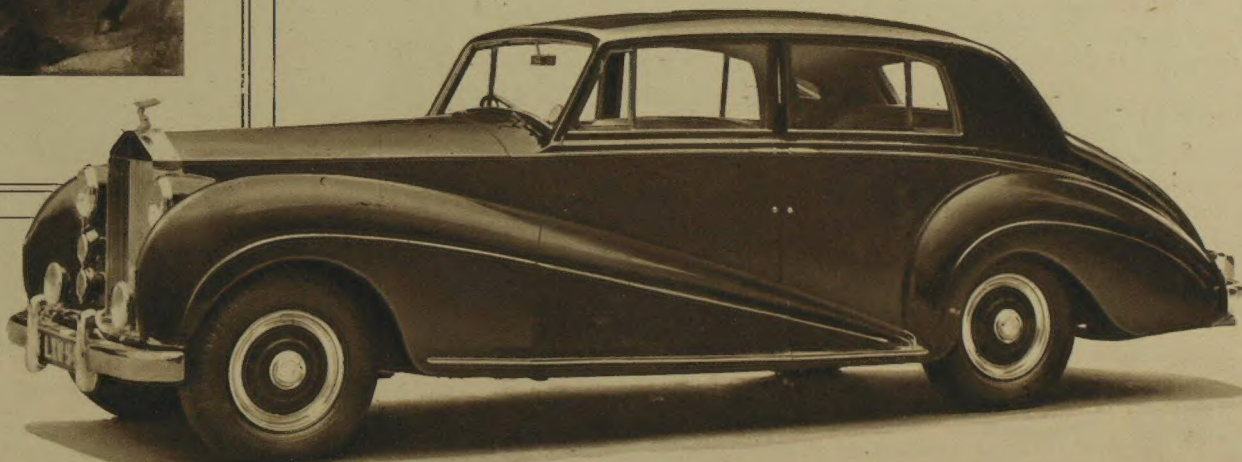
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to practical technique, a new and rare
contribution is made to human living.



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Information from:

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YOUR FRENCH WILL BE PERFECT



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SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1953.



ANNOUNCING THROUGH LOUD-SPEAKERS TO A CHEERING CROWD OUTSIDE THE PALACE THAT HE HAD DECIDED TO POSTPONE HIS "HEALTH TRIP": THE SHAH OF PERSIA SPEAKING INTO A MICROPHONE ON FEBRUARY 28.

On February 28 the Shah of Persia sent a letter to the Speaker of the Majlis in which he stated that he had decided to leave the country and go to Spain. The Majlis was called together for a special session to consider how the Shah could be prevented from carrying out his decision and a delegation was sent to the Palace. Meanwhile the contents of the Shah's letter became known to the populace, who stormed through the streets, shouting: "We don't want the Shah to leave."

Troops and police formed a cordon around the residence of Dr. Mossadeq, the Prime Minister, and had to open fire on the crowds. Later the Shah spoke through loud-speakers to the crowd assembled outside the Palace, and said: "Even to-day the doctors advised me to go for a cure. Now that you are preventing me from leaving the country I have decided to postpone my intended journey abroad for health reasons and pilgrimage."

ROYALIST AND ANTI-MOSSADEQ RIOTS IN PERSIA: SCENES IN THE CAPITAL.



"WE DON'T WANT THE SHAH TO LEAVE": A PERSIAN WOMAN ADDRESSING THE LARGE CROWD ASSEMBLED OUTSIDE THE PALACE IN TEHRAN AFTER THE NEWS BECAME KNOWN THAT THE SHAH PROPOSED TO GO TO SPAIN FOR HEALTH REASONS.



SUPPORTING AN AGED MOSLEM PRIEST ON THEIR SHOULDERS AS THEIR SPOKESMAN: SOME OF THE DEMONSTRATORS WHO URGED THE SHAH NOT TO LEAVE THE COUNTRY AFTER HIS INTENTION HAD BECOME KNOWN.

On February 28, the Shah of Persia, in a letter to the Speaker of the Majlis, announced his decision to leave the country to make a pilgrimage to Iraq and seek medical treatment in Italy or Spain. It was believed, however, that he had clashed with the Prime



RUNNING TO TAKE UP POSITIONS AROUND DR. MOSSADEQ'S RESIDENCE IN TEHRAN: STEEL-HELMETED PERSIAN TROOPS, ARMED WITH RIFLES, CALLED OUT WHEN DEMONSTRATORS TRIED TO STORM THE PRIME MINISTER'S HOME, DEMANDING AN APOLOGY TO THE SHAH.



PATROLLING THE STREETS OF TEHRAN AFTER THE DEMONSTRATORS HAD BEEN PREVENTED FROM ENTERING DR. MOSSADEQ'S RESIDENCE: PERSIAN ARMY TANKS CALLED OUT TO ASSIST IN RESTORING ORDER AFTER ONE MAN HAD BEEN KILLED AND FOURTEEN INJURED.

Minister, Dr. M. Mossadeq, over demands that he should surrender the supreme command of the armed forces and hand over Court finances to the Government, and that he had demanded that his mother and sister should be allowed to return to Persia for the Persian New Year. The news that the Shah intended to leave the country quickly spread through the capital and large crowds gathered outside the Royal palace shouting: "We will not allow our Shah to leave us." Eventually the Shah addressed the demonstrators through loud-speakers and assured them that he had decided to postpone his departure. Later, a mob attempted to storm the Prime Minister's residence, demanding that he should apologise to the Shah. Dr. Mossadeq fled from the house and attended a late-night session of the Majlis clad in pyjamas. The cordon

THE SHAH OF PERSIA AS A STORM CENTRE: DEMONSTRATIONS OF LOYALTY IN TEHERAN.



AT THE GATES OF DR. MOSSADEQ'S RESIDENCE: A PERSIAN OFFICER WAVING HIS CAP AND ATTEMPTING TO ADDRESS THE DEMONSTRATORS, WHO ENDEAVOURED TO FORCE THEIR WAY THROUGH THE GATES AND WERE FIRED ON BY THE TROOPS.



DEMANDING THAT DR. MOSSADEQ SHOULD APOLOGISE TO THE SHAH: THE EXCITED CROWD OUTSIDE THE PRIME MINISTER'S RESIDENCE, WHICH WAS HEAVILY GUARDED BY STEEL-HELMETED TROOPS WHO LATER HAD TO OPEN FIRE WHEN A JEEP BURST THROUGH THE MAIN GATE.



CARRIED ON THE SHOULDERS OF THE DEMONSTRATORS OUTSIDE THE ROYAL PALACE IN TEHERAN TO AN ACCOMPANIMENT OF SHOUTS OF "GIVE US DEATH OR THE SHAH!": PRINCE ALI REZA, A BROTHER OF THE SHAH.

of troops and police was broken and the main gate was burst open by some men in a jeep. The troops then opened fire, killing one of the demonstrators and wounding fourteen others. In the evening the Shah broadcast to the country, stating that he would not leave and appealing for order, peace and security. On March 1 Dr. Mossadeq dismissed General Baharmast, the Chief of the General Staff, and Brigadier Afshartoo, the Chief of Police. The streets were patrolled by armoured cars, tanks and lorried infantry, who prevented crowds forming in front of the Palace but were stoned by crowds in the Majlis Square, where supporters of the Shah hoisted the national flag on the Majlis gate, together with portraits of the Shah, and exhorted the crowd to demand that the Deputies should overthrow the Mossadeq Government.



IN THE HANDS OF THE MOB: A PERSIAN POLICEMAN BEING TOSSED IN THE AIR BY DEMONSTRATORS OUTSIDE THE PALACE BEFORE THE SHAH ANNOUNCED HIS DECISION TO REMAIN IN THE COUNTRY.

An attempt by demonstrators to seize the Radio Teheran building was thwarted by troops who threatened to fire on the crowd unless they withdrew. The riots have been described by Dr. Fatemi as "a plot against the life of the Prime Minister."



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

EVERY now and then fearful reports are spread in the Press about the British Broadcasting Corporation being in low water, and being unable to make do on its inadequate income. They have been particularly rife during the past few weeks, and the poor Government has even been accused of sinister designs on its pocket. This, if true, would be, as Mr. Churchill says, grievous news. I do not suppose that we shall ever see the Corporation in Carey Street; that would be anticipating too much disaster even for our crazy age! Yet the total revenue required to run its services is only apparently some £17,000,000—about the size of the total revenue of Great Britain at the time that she conquered Canada and India, discovered Australia, and produced Pitt and Fox, Watt and Adam Smith, Reynolds and Gainsborough, Sloane and Sheraton, Burns and Blake and Wordsworth. Even a small raid on this pittance by the Exchequer, we are told, must end in penury and parsimony in Portland Place. The great Earl of Durham used to say that a man could "jog along" on £40,000 a year. But how can a public entertainer, which is what the B.B.C. is, jog along on an annual revenue of only £17,000,000?

And so we are told—I hope on inadequate authority—that the Third Programme may have to go. I am no fanatic for the Third Programme; like a good many other people—though these things are purely a matter of personal taste—some of its fare has seemed to me rather precious, intellectually snobbish, and even sometimes rather silly! But it has at least been a gallant attempt—one which both the other domestic Programmes seem to have largely abandoned of late—to live up to the standard of enlightenment and high purpose that Lord Reith gave to the work of the Corporation in its first magnificent decade. And though, to the ill-concealed joy of the Philistines—who are strong enough in this country in all conscience without anyone putting trump-cards in their hands—the "Third" has sometimes brought good literature, art and music into contempt by a rather adolescent patronage of the bogus and pretentious, it has given listeners of all types and classes some magnificent entertainment and education. I shall always think of Mr. Nevill Coghill's readings from Chaucer as the Programme's supreme achievement: that was for hundreds of thousands of listeners, and perhaps millions, a revelation and the opening of a new and golden door. It has given us, too, particularly in its early and musically brighter days, some superb seventeenth-century music, which most of us could never otherwise have heard. Indeed, but for the Third Programme in the last ten years of broadcasting, the lover of good music would have had very meagre fare as far as radio is concerned. The depreciation of the average programmes in music since the early 'thirties has been most sad. I write as one who, listening much at home throughout not only the evening but the day, and liking a background of good music to work by, even when unable to listen and enjoy it attentively, has marked the programmes in the *Radio Times* regularly for the past quarter of a century. A comparison between these to-day and those of the late 'twenties and early 'thirties is revealing and significant. It has been the Third Programme that has mainly helped to redeem the situation.

There is something of a mystery in all this. I do not believe that the public taste has deteriorated in the past thirty years; on the whole it seems to me to have risen. Despite the dislocating effect of the wars and the immense material sacrifices of the classes which have hitherto been the chief repositories of culture in this country, the general level of artistic, musical and literary appreciation is probably higher to-day than it was a generation ago. Certainly people buy more good books and, for all the difficulties in their way, make their homes look pleasanter. And no one could be more conscientious than those who direct the affairs of the B.B.C.: more industrious, well-intentioned and anxious to discover the wishes of the public and give them effect. The real trouble, I suspect, is that there are too many of them, and that, having grown into such a vast organisation, the sense of direction, purpose and continuity that informed the Corporation in its early days has been inadvertently lost. It has not been lost for lack of trying to express and follow it, but because in a vast organisation direction

and purpose are so much harder to keep in sight and follow. Judgment, conscience, above all, energy and vitality become swamped in a morass of committees, conferences, minutes and memoranda, until the individual—the only real source of life and vigour—is left with a feeling of helplessness. The wood is lost in the trees; the broth made tasteless by a multiplicity of cooks. It is the same right through our Governmental and nationalised services to-day; our whole system of administration is suffering from elephantiasis. Dozens of men are employed where a single good man, given freedom of judgment and action, would be far more successful, at a fraction of the cost to the public, while the latter—and above all, the productive and revenue-earning part of it—is crushed and hamstrung by the appalling costs of administrative machinery. The B.B.C., whose vast organisation has grown up from nothing in thirty years, provides an illustration of this process. An example of what has happened can be seen in the apparently complete administrative segregation of its different Programmes. Instead of thinking, as an individual organiser or entertainer would think, of the listener as a man owning a machine with a knob that gives him freedom of listening choice—the way the Corporation thought of the listener in its early days—it seems to attach a large, enthusiastic staff to each of its Programmes and proceeds to plan it on the assumption that the Programme should provide a continuous and exclusive fare for a particular type of listener and without any regard to what the other Programmes are providing. Frequently, I notice, a piece of music given in one Programme on one day is given on another Programme on the next. In the same way, a week seldom passes without the music-lover, whose opportunity for hearing good music has been so much curtailed, being presented, in a wilderness of non-musical items, with a choice of two good pieces of music at the same hour, sometimes the only one in the day in which he is offered any good music at all. This used not to happen in the early days of radio, when the cost of the Corporation was only a fraction of what it is to-day. The very costliness of the B.B.C. works to the listener's detriment.

The great Duke of Wellington, who—though most of us were brought up to think of him, in all but military matters, as a rather blimpish person—was one of the shrewdest and most observant men that ever lived, noted more than a century ago the beginnings of that plausible and fatal growth of the administrative snowball under which we are now as a nation buried. He was writing in reply to an attempt to solicit his support and subscription to an agricultural college:

MY DEAR LORD MAHON,
I am the Duke of Wellington and an officer of the army. But there is not an affair of any kind in which I am not required to be a party. I am now required to be a party to the establishment of a college in Kent to teach agriculture. If there is one thing in the world of which I know possibly nothing it is agriculture; then I observe that I have not one acre of property in Kent; and I know that as a matter of course I shall be called upon to establish similar institutions in Oxfordshire, Wiltshire, Somersetshire, Berkshire, Hants and Surrey. What can I answer, my dear Lord. The theory of agriculture is one thing; the practical application of the theory, what is called farming, wholly different. But we are told that many wish it. To be sure they do. There is to be an association of the rich, or the supposed to be rich, dinners, speeches, etc. Then, if the affair should proceed further, there will be a building or buildings; and, of course, engineers or architects, and then will be professors and teachers of the arts of agriculture and practical farming.

Who is there that does not wish for such an establishment, who is looking for employment for himself, or his family, or his friends? I cannot subscribe to such an affair.
Remember me kindly to Lady M. and
Believe me,
Ever yours most sincerely,
WELLINGTON.

It is this process, so innocent, so human and so natural in its early stages, that has led imperceptibly to our present financial *impasse* and administrative stagnation. And unless we can soon reverse it, we shall, I fear, ultimately die of it.

CORONATION STAMPS FOR NEW ZEALAND.



DESIGNS FOR THE STAMPS WHICH NEW ZEALAND IS ISSUING TO COMMEMORATE THE CORONATION. (Top row; left) the 2d. blue, which bears a three-quarter profile portrait of the Queen and an aerial view of Buckingham Palace; (right) the 4d. red, with a similar Royal portrait and a picture of the State Coach. (Middle row) The 3d. sepia, with a profile portrait of the Queen, with the Crown and Royal cipher, between borders in a Maori motif. (Bottom row) The 1s. 6d. (figures and border blue, remainder mauve), showing Crown and Sceptre; and the 8d. steel-grey, with the West front of Westminster Abbey, and Big Ben in the distance. The four values 2d. to 8d. were designed by Mr. James Barry, of Wellington, the 1s. 6d. by Mr. L. C. Mitchell, also of Wellington. The 3d. and 8d. are being produced by Messrs. Harrison and Sons, of High Wycombe, in photo-gravure; the 2d. and 4d. in line engraving by Messrs. De La Rue and Co., London; and the 1s. 6d., also line engraved, by Messrs. Waterlow and Sons, of London. It was expected that the stamps would be issued on June 3, 1953. (These designs are shown larger than natural size.)



A HUGE BED OF LAVA FLOWING DOWN THE SIDE OF MOUNT KATMAI, IN THE VALLEY OF TEN THOUSAND SMOKES, IN ALASKA, FOLLOWING THE ERUPTION OF FEBRUARY 15. MOUNT KATMAI CAME INTO BEING IN A HUGE ERUPTION, ONE OF THE GREATEST KNOWN, IN 1912.

ROYAL AND POLITICAL ITEMS, A VOLCANIC ERUPTION, AND ROMAN AND SWEDISH NEWS.



(RIGHT.) PROUDLY INTRODUCING HER CUB TO VISITORS AT THE SKANSEN ZOO, IN STOCKHOLM: ISABELLA, A VERY PROUD POLAR BEAR, WITH HER OFFSPRING, WHICH WAS BORN DURING THE WINTER. BOTH ARE ENJOYING THE FIRST SPRING SUNSHINE.



(LEFT.) ROME'S NEW OLYMPIC STADIUM. ON THE NORTH-WEST OF THE CITY, AGAINST THE SPURS OF MONTE MARIO, THIS STADIUM, THE LARGEST IN ITALY, HAS A LONG DIAMETER OF 347½ YARDS AND A SHORT DIAMETER OF 203 YARDS.

(RIGHT.) NOW APPROVED BY THE QUEEN: THE DESIGN FOR THE CORONATION INVITATION CARD. This card inviting guests to Westminster Abbey for the Coronation was designed by Miss Joan Hassall, R.E., with lettering by Mr. S. B. Stead. The design incorporates, besides the Royal Arms, the Crown and various items of the Regalia, floral emblems of the Commonwealth, including roses, thistles, shamrocks, leeks, maples, wattles, ferns, proteas, lotuses, cotton, wheat and jute and, as a unifying factor, oak leaves.



RECEIVED BY SIR ALEXANDER CADOGAN ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT BROADCASTING HOUSE, LONDON, ON FEBRUARY 27: H.M. THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

On February 27 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh paid their first visit together to Broadcasting House. The Royal visitors were received by Sir Alexander Cadogan, chairman of the Board of Governors; Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Tedder, vice-chairman; Sir Ian Jacob, director-general, and Sir Basil Nicolls, former acting director-general. A gala variety programme was presented in the concert hall. The Queen and the Duke later drove to the B.B.C. studios at Maida Vale.



SHAKING HANDS AFTER SIGNING A CULTURAL AGREEMENT IN ROME: DR. ADENAUER (LEFT), THE FEDERAL GERMAN CHANCELLOR, AND SIGNOR DE GASPERI, THE ITALIAN PREMIER. On February 27, Dr. Adenauer, the Federal German Chancellor, and Signor De Gasperi signed a cultural agreement in Rome. Under it Italy will restore to the German Government the four institutes which she has been administering for some years on behalf of the Inter-Allied Commission for Enemy Property. These institutes are the Hertzian Library, the German Archaeological Institute, and the German Historical Institute in Rome, and the German Institute of the History of Art in Florence.

THE WORLD TO-DAY: ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM AT HOME AND OVERSEAS.



HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY HORSES TRAINING FOR CORONATION DAY: IN ORDER TO ACCUSTOM THEM TO NOISE AND EXCITEMENT TINS ARE BANGED TOGETHER, AND CLOTHS AND HANDKERCHIEFS WAVED BEHIND THEM.



CROWD CONTROL EXERCISE AT THE POLICE TRAINING CENTRE, HENDON, IN PREPARATION FOR CORONATION DAY DUTY: A ROW OF TALL, POWERFULLY BUILT POLICE CONSTABLES ARE WITHSTANDING THE EXERTED PRESSURE OF A CROWD OF EQUALLY MUSCULAR MEN.



FROM LORD LEE OF FAREHAM'S COLLECTION: A GERMAN GILT-BRONZE TWELFTH-CENTURY CANDLESTICK, ONE OF A PAIR, FOR THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



PRESENTED TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM: A RENAISSANCE ROCK-CRYSTAL STANDING CUP AND COVER.

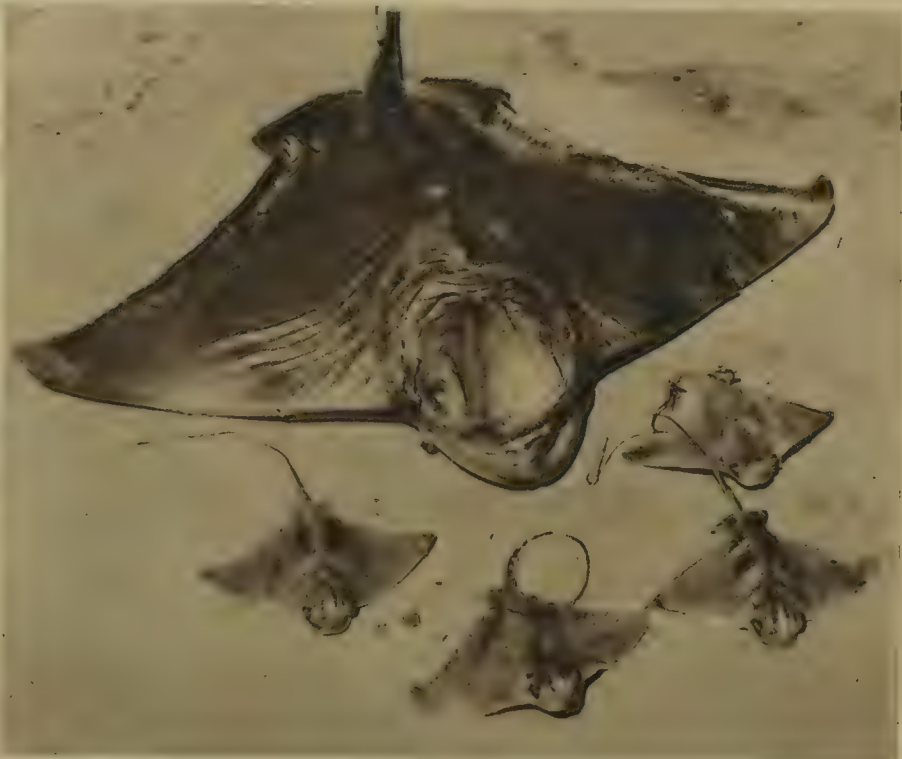


A VERY RARE LATE FOURTEENTH-CENTURY SILVER CRUET, PARCEL-GILT, PROBABLY OF BURGUNDIAN ORIGIN, WITH AN UNIDENTIFIED SILVERMARK: A GIFT TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM FROM LADY LEE OF FAREHAM.

Since 1896, the British Museum has owned gilt-bronze candlesticks whose authenticity was discredited. Lord Lee of Fareham, in wartime, bought what he believed to be the twelfth-century originals, though actual comparison was then impossible. He was right; and in accordance with his wish, Lady Lee has presented them to the British Museum; as well as a very rare fourteenth-century silver cruet, parcel-gilt, probably of Burgundian origin used in celebrating Mass; and a late sixteenth-century Italian rock-crystal standing cup and cover, with gold enamelled mounts set with emeralds.



HAULED UP FROM EXCEPTIONAL DEPTH FROM OFF THE EAST CAPE COAST, NEAR PORT ELIZABETH: A NEW SPECIES EITHER OF *MACRURUS* OR OF A RELATED GENUS. (HAKE FAMILY). Three species of *Macrurus* are known: one off South Africa; one off New Zealand; and one off South America (Magellan area), the last being an important food-fish. The specimen illustrated, caught near Port Elizabeth, differs from the known species in that dorsal and anal fins are higher.



QUADRUPLETS BORN ON THE PORT ELIZABETH BREAKWATER: A STING-RAY, CAPTURED BY A COMPETITOR IN ANGLING WEEK, AND THE FOUR YOUNG TO WHICH SHE GAVE BIRTH SHORTLY AFTER BEING HAULED UP.



SCENE OF AN ACCIDENT IN WHICH FOUR MEN WERE KILLED: THE TOWERS OF THE GREAT NORE SANDS FORT, STRUCK BY A NORWEGIAN STEAMER ON MARCH 1. A Norwegian steamer, *Baalbek* (2160 tons), ran into Great Nore Sands Fort in the fog of March 1. One of the seven towers (36-ft.-square steel boxes mounted on 50-ft. concrete stilts) collapsed, and another rested on the deck of the ship, which ran aground. The Navy sent out a duty tug, and the Southend lifeboat and other craft went to the rescue. The *Baalbek* was refloated; but four of the civilians who act as caretakers in the fort were killed when one of the towers was submerged.

ART AND INDUSTRY: GIANTS IN STEEL AND LIMWOOD, AND KOREAN WINTER UNIFORM.



THE "HIGH DUTY GOLIATH": A NEW 12,000-TON FORGING PRESS, THE LARGEST OF ITS KIND IN EUROPE, NOW INSTALLED AT REDDITCH. SETTLING THE BILLET IN THE DIE.

On February 24 a giant forging press for making large light alloy aircraft components was inaugurated by High Duty Alloys, Ltd., at their Redditch works, the equipment being formally introduced to members of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors by Sir Frank Spriggs, the chairman. The press, which towers 42 ft. 9 ins. into the air and goes down into the ground another 13 ft. 7 ins., cost more than £500,000, and is entirely a product of private enterprise. It represents a major contribution to Britain's industrial capacity.



"GOG" EMERGES FROM THE LIMWOOD: MR. DAVID EVANS AT WORK ON THE 9 FT. 3 INS. STATUE, WHICH IS TO REPLACE THE LEGENDARY FIGURE DESTROYED AT GUILDHALL DURING THE WAR.

On December 29, 1940, the City giants, the wooden figures of Gog and Magog in Guildhall, were entirely destroyed when Guildhall itself was so badly damaged by enemy action. New figures are being made, carved from limewood by Mr. David Evans, and are a gift from Sir George Wilkinson, Lord Mayor at the time of the raid. It is hoped that the new statues will be installed by Coronation time.



U.S. SOLDIERS IN KOREA, WEARING A NEW TYPE OF "COLD-BAR" WINTER UNIFORM, NOW UNDERGOING FIELD TESTS, OFFER IT TO THE APPRAISAL OF A SOUTH KOREAN.

Various types of winter clothing and body armour have been recently tested by U.N. troops in Korea. In one case a uniform is made of sponge plastic, light, impervious to wet, capable of keeping a man afloat and patch-able like a tyre tube. Nylon armour has given good results, but is at present somewhat heavy.



"MAGOG," VIRTUALLY COMPLETE IN THE STUDIO OF MR. DAVID EVANS. IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND STANDS THE PLASTER MODEL FROM WHICH THE STATUE HAS BEEN ENLARGED.

A MAN OF ACTION AND OF IDEAS.

"FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND, EXPLORER AND MYSTIC"; by George Seaver, Litt. D.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

SIR FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND died eleven years ago, in his eightieth year. His seniors had known him as a keen young soldier in India, a passionately determined explorer and emissary, a born leader who had the power of drawing the best out of men of various races and conditions, and a man who had never shirked trouble with the remote "authorities" when his sense and his conscience told him that they were timid, ignorant, self-satisfied, or all three. At twenty-five he had lectured to the Royal Geographical Society on his travels in Manchuria and his immense seven-months journey from Peking to Yarkand, and thereafter he was "all over the place." Whether or not he would have had a successful career as a professional soldier in an age of great wars we cannot tell. On small expeditions his courage, character, resourcefulness and endurance had an almost hypnotic effect upon his companions and followers: action, especially perhaps if he was the leader, drew out the best of him; he might have made a great general in the field, except that he would always have been worrying about the aims of the politicians and the sort of settlement (or, nowadays, one should say quasi-settlement) they would make after the achievement of victory. But the question didn't arise. He transferred to the political service. He became a *Times*

correspondent in Chitral and South Africa. He was put in charge of the mission to Tibet, forcing his way to Lhasa with hesitating support from the Home Government, and made a good settlement which roused the anger of his superiors, who had never set eyes on a Lama and had never met wandering Russian agents in Central Asia. Then he became Resident in Kashmir, and then he returned to England. Thereafter, though busy about many things, he was chiefly in the public eye in two connections. He was chairman of the Mount Everest Committee (born later, he would have led an expedition thither himself), and he founded a "World Congress of Faiths," for which he worked untiringly. To the present generation he is remembered as a short, sturdy old man, with bushy, overhanging eyebrows, clipped moustache, tight mouth, firm chin and piercing blue eyes, who took the chair on many a platform, was indisputably enthusiastic about both the spiritual nature and unity of mankind and its destinies and duties in this world, but who was as lamentably lacking in eloquence in person as he was fluent, graphic and persuasive with the pen.

Except in print he gave the impression—probably even when he was surmounting a peak—of being alone and retired with his thoughts. He had had blows: when he was young he waited for a girl for six years, only to find her suddenly married, and, later, his only son died in infancy. But he was a man apart from the beginning. His background was conventional enough. His father was a Major-General, his brothers were Major-Generals, and three of his uncles were Generals

of various degrees, his grandfather was a Captain, R.N., and his great-grandfather a Commander, R.N. He himself went to Clifton (where he was a notable runner) and then passed into Sandhurst. But in the crowd he was never of it. In the troopship on the way to join his regiment at Meerut he spent his time reading, mainly biographies, amongst them "Lives" of Christ. And when he reached his regiment he was strangely surprised to find his brother-officers quite agreeable and decent men. "I was surprised," he wrote later, "at the friendship I experienced. I had been taught to regard worldliness as synonymous with wickedness, and had expected to find my brother-officers steeped in iniquity. To my surprise I found them excellent fellows; and in my heart of hearts I envied them their good nature. They never went to church except when paraded for service. Their talk was of little else than ponies or dogs. Their language was coarse. And yet they were a cheery lot, always ready to do each other, and even me, a good turn, and secretly possessing an ideal of their own to which I would have been thankful to attain: it was simply to be a 'good fellow,' and a good fellow in their eyes was above a good Christian or even a good soldier." It didn't

occur to him that some of those others might have privately cherished ideals which it wasn't common form to talk about; and, as for the "coarse language," it seems strange that one who had been at a public school, and who had played Rugger for Sandhurst against Woolwich, should not have been at least inured, if not indifferent, to imprecations. What his brother-officers in the K.D.G. thought of him may be easily surmised: a sound, worthy, eccentric. He was rebuked by his commanding officer for supposing that the job of a cavalry regiment in India was to prepare for war, and not for inspections; and when he returned from his most exhausting journey he was greeted with the remark that now perhaps he would do his share of work. In other words, his leg was pulled: which happens to even the best of men if they are wholly serious. Once, at dinner, I was guilty of a mild flippancy with him. He wasn't shocked: it merely slid from him like water from a duck's back.

Thereafter he consistently led his dual life. At moments he seemed, like Spinoza, "a god-intoxicated man"; in his latter years he was concerned with what looked like an attempt to get adherents of all sorts of faiths to agree about a Greatest Common Denominator God, or what used to be called here "Undenominational Teaching." To define his religion would be hopeless. Sometimes he seems a Pantheist, sometimes a pure monotheist of the Mohammedan or Jewish kind. He regarded himself as a loyal member of the Church of England and was a zealous attendant at Divine Service; yet, with his views about the impersonality of the Deity and the mere surpassing human goodness of Christ, he can hardly have taken the Apostles Creed literally. The one thing certain is that he "walked with God daily" and that his working philosophy did

make him continually aware of his responsibility to the "power, not ourselves, making for righteousness," while not weakening at all his grip on this temporal world and its problems, his ability to face awkward facts, or his pride in being an Englishman.

Dr. Seaver has done his work excellently, and perfectly woven together his diverse strands: letting his subject (a voluminous author) speak for himself as much as possible. Those who are chiefly interested in the mystic will find plenty for them; the chapters about the man of action would about make a book themselves. The finest is that about the expedition to Lhasa, an epical triumph over hardships, difficulties and dangers. One who was a Gurkha subaltern wrote, twenty-five years later: "The unhalting success of the biggest shot in the dark, of our frontier history, I ascribe to the personality of one man. This man shared every littlest part of it with the least and lowest of us; one man bore the dirt and cold and dinginess with less complaint than any of us; one man took as many personal, and ten times as many moral, risks. One man, short, sturdy and silent;

not the strong, silent man of fiction who is generally silent because he has nothing to say, but a man silent from experience and from an almost intuitive love of the waste places of the world. A man who, unassuming and courteous, had tasted adventure in wide variety, who, ragged and toil-worn, hungry, thirsty and begrimed, could view with joy a world of big deserts, hard living and continual danger; a world composed of a tawny-yellow plain supporting on its uninterrupted rim an immeasurable blue vault, and nothing in

between but a line of plodding camels, a few silent camel-men, and a white man walking ahead along the endless wastes of the Gobi Desert; a world of snow and ice and avalanche, with a few stout hillmen for companions, whose stiff courage needed just his added courage to induce them to venture, with him, the nightmare crossing of the Mustagh Pass; a world of chattering diplomats and schemers; a world of quiet peace inserted, at rare intervals, into the framework of great adventures. No world of them all but found him kindly of nature, forceful of character, direct and simple of purpose. A silent man. His head a little bent, his eyes a little sunken under beetling brows: and the faintest, slightest lift in his walk

as of one who knew the world ungarnished, and all the simple straightforward men who used the world—and loved it all."

There are many glimpses of famous men in the book—Roberts, Kitchener, Curzon and others. Not least agreeable is one of King Edward VII., very graciously and delicately salving Younghusband's feelings at a critical moment.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 374 of this issue.



"HERE WAS A FINE SOUL, TOUCHED WITH THE DIVINE SPARK": SIR FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND AT DARJEELING IN 1903.

At the memorial service for Sir Francis Younghusband in 1942, at St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Lord Samuel delivered the address. He said: "Here was a fine soul, touched with the divine spark. In an age when much is evil, here was a man dyed to the depth in goodness."



THE TONGSA PENLOP (CENTRE), VIRTUAL RULER OF BHUTAN, WHO ACCOMPANIED THE MISSION TO LHASA, AND (RIGHT) UGYEN KAZI, BRITISH INTERMEDIARY IN BHUTAN.

"... it greatly strengthened my position... to be able to advance into Tibet arm-in-arm with Nepal and Bhutan," wrote Sir Francis Younghusband. He had utilised the "bleak and somewhat precarious delay" at Tuna during the early part of 1904, "in cementing an important alliance with the Bhutanese..."

Illustrations from "Francis Younghusband," by George Seaver, reviewed on this page; by courtesy of the publishers.

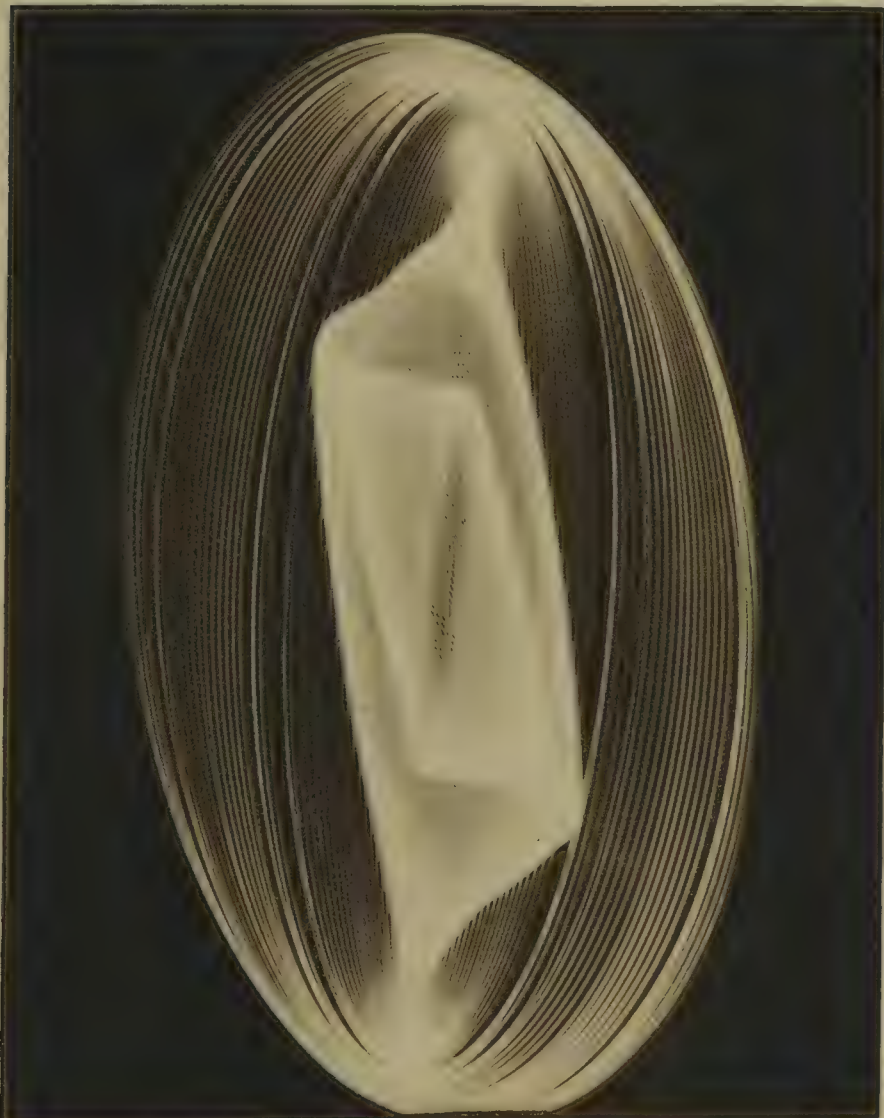


WITH HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER IN INDIA IN 1903: SIR FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND AS HE WAS AT THE TIME OF THE MISSION TO TIBET. Sir Francis Younghusband married, in 1897, Miss Helen Augusta Magniac. In his "India and Tibet" he describes his famous Mission to Tibet of 1903, but says little of the appalling severity of the conditions, climatic and other, which attended the expedition.



SIR FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E. (1863-1942), FROM THE PORTRAIT BY HAROLD SPEED, 1937.

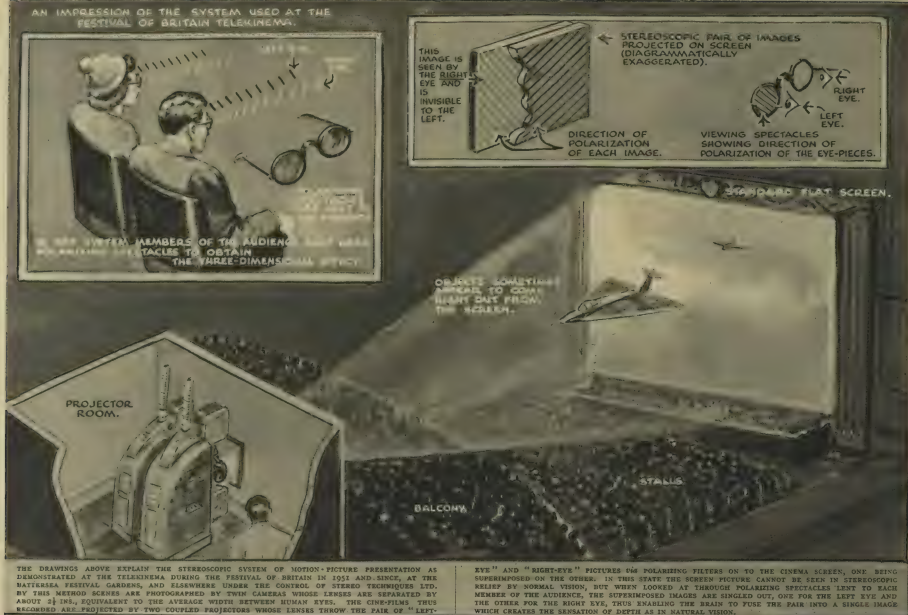
Sir Francis Younghusband was eminent as a soldier, explorer, geographer, naturalist, administrator, diplomatist, religious philosopher and mystic. In his youth he undertook a series of journeys in Manchuria, Central Asia and the Himalayas for the Government of India; he was the first chronicler of the Relief of Chitral, and then of the Jameson Raid, and as Political Agent in Rajputana was active in Indian famine relief. He was the leader of the first famous Mission to Tibet in 1903, and the promoter of the Everest Expeditions associated with the names of Norton and Somervell, Mallory and Irvine, Smythe and Shipton.



NO "PENMAN'S LATEST PIECE OF GRAPHIC," NO "FILIGREE PETALS" OF SNOWFLAKES, NO FANTASY OF DIATOMS—BUT PATTERNS IDLY TRACED BY A SWINGING LAMP IN A DARKENED ROOM, AND RECORDED BY THE INFINITELY PATIENT CAMERA.

A camera is laid upon the floor of a darkened room, lens upwards, and shutter open. A tiny electric lamp is suspended above it, switched on and gently pushed into a series of oscillations. On the film the endless movement of the bulb—the slave of the laws of dynamics—is translated in an infinitely delicate and precise pattern—a record of constantly varying stresses, measurable no doubt by

cumbersome mathematical methods, but here traced with the fluency and elegance of a superhuman penman. Considered coldly, all that happens is the "plotting of a locus"—that exercise which daunted but fascinated most schoolboys; but again "plotting a locus" is all that Nature does when she creates the elements of a snowflake, or fashions the microscopical intricacies of a diatom.



THE LARGE "CINERAMA" CAMERA HOUSES THREE LENSES AND THREE FILM SYSTEMS. EACH LENS COVERS ABOUT A THIRD OF THE 146° ANGLE OF VISION. THICK ABSORBENT MATERIAL MUFFLES NOISES FROM THE DRIVING MOTOR.



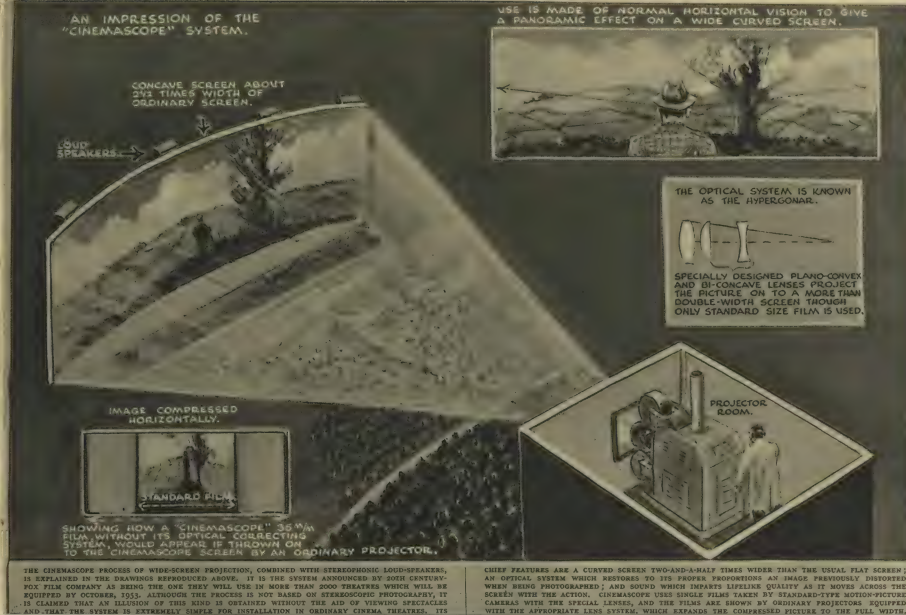
THE CINERAMA SYSTEM EXPLAINED BY THE DRAWINGS IMMEDIATELY ABOVE HAS BEEN SHOWN WITH GREAT SUCCESS IN NEW YORK SINCE LAST SEPTEMBER. FILMS TAKEN BY THREE SIZE SCREEN. LOUD-SPEAKERS IN DIFFERENT POSITIONS CONVEY TO THE EARS OF THE AUDIENCE THE EFFECT OF NEAR AND DISTANT SOUNDS AS THOUGH COMING FROM THE FRONT ARE NECESSARY WHEN LOOKING AT

"THREE-D" CINEMA PICTURES: AN EXPLANATION OF METHODS USED FOR THREE-DIMENSIONAL

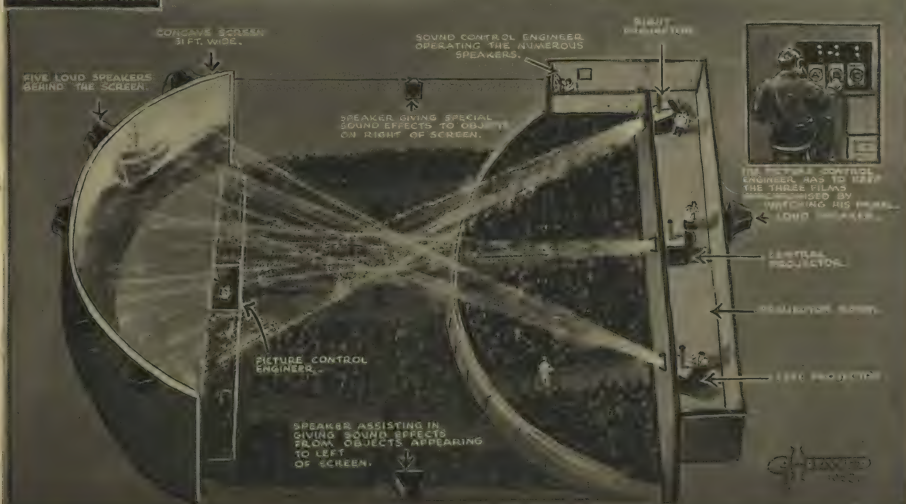
Because of television's great appeal to millions of the American public, fewer people in that country are visiting the cinemas. In consequence, drastic methods have had to be adopted to induce families to return to the picture theatres. Many of Hollywood's film companies have decided that the realism conveyed by "three-dimensional" viewing is the answer to their problem; and, during the last month or so, "Three-D" (the term now used for films with three-dimensional effect) has had almost as much publicity as the advent of sound more than thirty

years ago. Stereoscopic motion-picture films have been on view to the public in London and elsewhere since first shown at the Telekinema (now the National Film Theatre) during the Festival of Britain in 1951. In the United States some of the film companies are also introducing pictures made and viewed by purely stereoscopic methods. Yet, not all of the "Three-D" systems are based on stereoscopic cine-photography, largely because viewing spectacles must be worn by the audiences in order to obtain left-eye and right-eye aspects of the screened

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL



THE "CINERAMA" SYSTEM



CINE-CAMERAS POINTED IN THREE DIRECTIONS IN ORDER TO OBTAIN A PANORAMIC SCENE ARE PROJECTED ON TO A CURVED SCREEN ABOUT THREE TIMES WIDER THAN THE STANDARD. AN ILLUSION OF "THREE-DIMENSIONAL" REALISM IS THUS CONVEYED TO THE AUDIENCE WITHOUT THE AID OF VIEWING SPECTACLES, SUCH AS FILMS MADE BY THE STEREOSCOPIC METHOD.

ILLUSION BY STEREOSCOPIC AND WIDE-SCREEN SYSTEMS, COMBINED WITH STEREOPHONIC REALISM.

stereoscopic picture. The picture was, of course, originally photographed on two films running side by side, and in the cinema is projected through polarizing screens so that the pair of pictures lie one over the other until separated out by the viewing spectacles. These consist of two crossed polarizing elements which ensure that each eye sees only the one picture aspect intended for it. The Cinemascope pictures are seen by the audience without the use of viewing spectacles, and much of the "Three-D" illusion is created, no doubt, by the panoramic

ARTIST G. H. DAVIS.

curved picture screen in conjunction with sound effects originating from different parts of the theatre. The startling realism of the Cinemascope has been described by *Popular Mechanics Magazine* thus: "Imagine walking into a movie theatre and suddenly finding yourself in the middle of a startlingly real battle. Guns roar on all sides. . . . A machine-gun crackles behind you. In a corner of your eye you catch a glimpse of action and turn to see a hand-to-hand encounter so close to your left side you'd swear you could . . . touch the combatants!"

IN three important respects at least the British Army differs to-day from what it has ever previously been in time of peace. In the first place, it is greater in strength. In the second, it is made up as to rather more than half of conscripts, National Service men. In the third, it is nearly all stationed abroad. The Regular Army—a title which includes the National Service men while they are in its ranks, though not when they pass on to their part-time service in those of the Territorial Army—now represents the equivalent of from eleven to eleven-and-a-half divisions. It was built up to this strength by the late Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Field Marshal Sir William Slim. He, in his turn, built upon the foundations laid after the war by his predecessor, Field Marshal Lord Montgomery devised the pattern, Regulars, National Service men serving with them, and Territorial Army then absorbing them. This pattern has been the subject of a good deal of criticism, but it has given good results. National Service men have served, and are serving, in distant foreign stations, and have distinguished themselves in a major campaign, that of Korea, and a guerrilla campaign, that of Malaya.

In one respect, however, the pattern envisaged by Lord Montgomery has been altered and made stronger. Danger from outside was less pressing when he designed it. Calls of both "hot" and "cold" wars have since grown insistent. He foresaw the Territorial Army as the main army of the United Kingdom. Such a state of affairs may yet come about if we are fortunate. Since then the demands upon the Regular Army have become so great that it has had to be expanded and is at present the main army. At the same time, there has come about the other change which I have mentioned, the stationing of the Army abroad. The Cardwell System, under which one battalion of each infantry regiment served abroad while the other remained at home, has entirely disappeared. It could in no case have survived, because nowadays only a very limited number of regiments possess second battalions; but, apart from that, the arrangement under which half the Army was kept at home has had to be discarded. At present there is no major formation of the Regular Army stationed in the United Kingdom. Here is a state of affairs undreamt of in former days.

Objection has often been raised to sending National Service men abroad, particularly to the Far East. Few spare a thought for the significance of the existing situation for the Regular Army. It is, people say, composed of professionals, who should prepare to go where they are sent. Yes, but the trouble is that many of them, especially warrant officers and senior sergeants who have been in some time, did not enlist in such circumstances or anticipate how long they would have to remain abroad. Moreover, a high proportion of them who are married are separated from their wives and children because stationed in places to which these cannot be brought to join them. Nor does it mend matters to say in a superior way that regular soldiers are professionals. They do not therefore lose their liberty of action. They have to give longer notice than civilians, but if they want to go, they can. And many of them do go, sooner than they themselves originally intended, and all too soon for the Army. "No, Sir, I'm not dissatisfied, but the wife thinks she'd like to be a bit more settled now." Words of that sort have often been heard of late. No one can say that they are unnatural.

At the other end of the scale is recruiting for the Regular Army. This is, of course, highly important from the point of view of maintaining its Regular element, but I am here considering it in its relation to the body of warrant officers and senior N.C.O.s, who have been described as the backbone of the Army. They come from those who have entered into regular engagements as boys, as National Service men, or as civilians, or who have re-engaged during short service. Last year was wonderfully good for Regular recruiting. Yet two aspects of it call for caution. First, the great majority enlisted for three years only, and it is impossible to foresee what proportion of them will re-engage. Those who do not are extremely useful, but they do not solve the problem of finding long-term warrant officers and senior N.C.O.s. Secondly, the recruiting rate was falling off rapidly at the end of 1952, the inference being that 1953 is unlikely to be as good a year for recruiting. I have said that the present strain upon the Army and the prolonged separation of soldiers from their families may influence a man to leave the Regular Army. It may also influence him not to enter it.

The conditions in which forces are serving outside Great Britain and Northern Ireland differ widely. At the top stands Germany. There our troops, comprising four divisions, a large proportion of the Army, are excellently quartered. The barracks are good; families are comfortably provided for; leave is regular;

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. PROBLEMS OF MAINTAINING THE BRITISH ARMY.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

and amenities of all kinds are first-class. In fact, were a large proportion of these troops to be brought home, they would be disagreeably surprised by the quality of their accommodation. Many of our barracks are very old, and many hutted camps intended for temporary use have survived when they ought to have been destroyed. The opposite extreme is Korea,

THE CENTENARY OF THE SMALL ARMS WING, SCHOOL OF INFANTRY, AT HYTHE.



A DEMONSTRATION OF PLATOON WEAPONS ON THE BEACH RANGES AT HYTHE: MEMBERS OF THE SMALL ARMS SCHOOL CORPS WITH AN "ACK-PACK" PORTABLE FLAME-THROWER.



NOW UNDERGOING WIDE-SCALE TROOP TRIALS AND INTENDED AS A REPLACEMENT FOR THE STEN GUN: THE PATCHETT 9-MM. MACHINE CARBINE SEEN DURING A DEMONSTRATION AT THE SMALL ARMS WING AT HYTHE; THE BUTT IS OFFSET TO THE RIGHT AND THE FIRER'S NOSE RESTS AGAINST A PAD IN REAR OF THE ROLT ACTION.

This year the Small Arms Wing, School of Infantry, is celebrating its centenary, for it was in June, 1853, that Colonel G. C. Hay with a small staff arrived at Hythe to organise an "Establishment for the Instruction of the Army in Rifle and Target Practice" which was opened on April 18, 1854. This establishment was known as the School of Musketry, Hythe, until 1919, when its name was changed to Small Arms School. In 1929 the Small Arms School Corps was formed, descendants of the original Corps of Instructors, and the School became the Hythe Wing, Small Arms School. In 1947, the title was changed to Platoon Weapons Wing, School of Infantry, and in 1951 to Small Arms Wing, School of Infantry. At Hythe the students are taught the basic handling of all platoon weapons and fieldcraft; the tactical use of these weapons in the field is taught at a special wing at the School of Infantry at Warminster.

which is a devastated theatre of war. About half-way between the two is the Suez Canal Zone. Here the accommodation and facilities were good until the station had to be strongly reinforced. Now it would in any case have been too full, and overcrowding has been increased because, since the troubles, it has been impossible to occupy buildings in Ismailia. Again, security of tenure, diminishing since the war, has almost disappeared. The Treasury has naturally refused to sanction much expenditure, though it has allowed more than might have been expected. Only a small proportion of married men can now have their families with them.

Admittedly, the overriding problem on the social side which the Army has to face is the number of

troops stationed abroad. The second is the unsettled situation in the Middle East. Were that cleared up there would be hope of a considerable improvement in the family life of the Army, leading to greater contentment and stability. Where a reasonable prospect exists of forces being able to use for some time whatever accommodation is provided for them, the fighting Services are generously treated to-day. It

would, however, be madness to allow large sums of money to be expended on stations about the future of which the Foreign Office can give no guarantee, perhaps not even one of a few months. In the case of the Middle East the position appears certain to be clarified within a short space of time. I wrote last week about its strategic aspect.

Where it is impossible to provide married quarters and families must remain in the United Kingdom, one of the best ameliorative measures is to provide ample and regular leave. Unfortunately, leave has from time to time had to be postponed. On the whole, however, a marked improvement has taken place in this respect. But by no means all men are affected by the problem of wives and families. Various incentives to enlist and to remain in the Service have been devised. Among the best of these is the system of bounties. Efforts are being made to avoid snatching individuals suddenly away from their jobs and their comrades. Then the tendency of the senior N.C.O.s to leave the Army brings its own remedy with it to a certain extent. It means that a man who is steady and reliable can generally hope to rise to the rank of sergeant during his fourth year of service. Some rise even more rapidly. The further prospects of a man who has got thus far early in his career are on the average better than those offered by industry.

If the chief domestic preoccupation of the Army is the regular enlisted element, it is not the only one. The situation as regards officers falls short of being satisfactory. The difficulty about families applies to them also, though slightly less acutely, since some at least can afford to rent houses on their own account abroad, or to take air passages for special leave when these have to be paid for. Yet the supply falls short of the demand. A number of fine young officers are entering the Army, but the percentage falls somewhat below the standard required. The fact that Northern public, grammar, and secondary schools provide so few officers has been a subject of comment. The university source has almost dried up since the war. I believe I am correct in saying that last year the universities of the United Kingdom provided only sixteen regular officers for the Army, and that half of these came from Oxford. Yet there never was a time when the Army had more need of men with a university education or offered them better prospects. While it looks improbable that the universities will ever in time of peace provide the Army with a large number of officers, there seems no reason why the present total should not be quadrupled. There still remains much that the Army can do to bring its appeal home to the universities.

Undoubtedly the prospects of business and industry after the war proved very tempting to some of the ablest and most ambitious young men. A number who had intended to make the Army their permanent career, afterwards changed their minds. To-day the pay of a young officer is higher than that of all but a very few well-educated men making a start in industry. On the other hand, the chances of the brighter and more intelligent in industry are better. I myself have always felt—though I believe I have been almost alone in proclaiming the belief—that we give too much attention to the reward of the subaltern as compared with that of the lieutenant-colonel and upwards. Young men think of the situation they are likely to hold when they have twenty years or more of satisfactory work behind them, and probably a wife and family to provide for. It is possible that they think more of it than of their immediate remuneration.

Finally, the hope of monetary remuneration or its equivalent cannot be the sole factor. The best young men will enter the Army only if they feel that it is an honourable and inspiring career. To-day, Britain possesses not only a large but a fine Army. It has never in time of peace borne a better name in the country at large or with the military experts of other Powers. If the nation takes a proper pride in this essentially national force, it will inspire a proper quota of its sons to hold responsible positions in the Army. A due measure of pride, however, calls for knowledge. A great deal has been done of late to make the Army better known to the nation. Yet there is still room for effort and imagination, and I say this without any intention of withholding praise for the work already accomplished. We are learning to appreciate our Army; but we still do not do so as warmly as we should. To-day others see more of it than we do ourselves, whether fighting or in peaceful garrisons. In either case they could tell us something about its worth.

NEW WEAPONS FOR THE BRITISH INFANTRY: A DEMONSTRATION AT HYTHE.



(ABOVE.) ONE OF THE FAMILY OF NEW WEAPONS NOW BEING ISSUED TO OUR INFANTRY UNITS: THE "ENERGA" ANTI-TANK GRENADE ABOUT TO BE FIRED FROM THE STANDARD SERVICE RIFLE AT THE SMALL ARMS WING, SCHOOL OF INFANTRY.

AS recorded on our facing page, the Small Arms Wing, School of Infantry, at Hythe, is this year celebrating its centenary. On February 23, the various platoon weapons whose basic handling is taught at the Wing were demonstrated on the beach ranges. Among these were some of the "complete family of new weapons" described in a memorandum which accompanied the Army Estimates for 1953-54 presented to Parliament on February 24. The smallest member of this family is the anti-tank grenade ("Energa" grenade), which is projected from the standard Service rifle. Although this grenade weighs only 21 ozs., its destructive capacity is equal to that of the most powerful infantry anti-tank guns used in the last war. The memorandum also states: "In the small arms field, joint British, Canadian and Belgian development should shortly produce a cartridge acceptable to all the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation countries, together with a rifle on the general lines of the '280.'" This 7-mm. ('280) semi-automatic rifle is shown on this page being fired on the ranges.



DEMONSTRATING THE NEW 7-MM. ('280) RIFLE AT THE SMALL ARMS WING, SCHOOL OF INFANTRY, AT HYTHE, WHICH IS CELEBRATING ITS CENTENARY THIS YEAR: AN INSTRUCTOR OF THE SMALL ARMS SCHOOL CORPS ABOUT TO FIRE THE SEMI-AUTOMATIC WEAPON.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



A FEW weeks ago I received a generous and most welcome present from a correspondent in Tanganyika. It was a packet of seeds of *Delphinium candidum*, a name that

was new to me, although the plant was introduced to this country in 1904, and was figured in the *Botanical Magazine* (8170). Let me quote from my correspondent's letter: "Unlike the blue delphinium, this has a delightful perfume, and the flowers remain fresh for weeks after being cut and placed in the house. We know, because on one occasion we went away for some three weeks, and on our return the room was fragrant with perfume and the flowers still fresh! They grow

DELPHINIUMS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

fairly be held against it. But we are not told whether "greenhouse" should be heated or unheated. As far as I am concerned it will have to be an unheated greenhouse, and as in Tanganyika the plant is found at 8000 ft., I shall hope for—and even expect—the best.

Within a day or two of the arrival of the seeds of *Delphinium candidum*, I received another most welcome gift, a copy of Colonel van der Post's fascinating book, "Venture to the Interior." A brother-in-law had recently met the author in Sweden, had heard him lecture on his expedition in Nyasaland, and then, having read the book, was so thrilled by its enchantment that he was impelled to buy and send me a copy. A praiseworthy impulse which involved a curious coincidence. The book arrived within a day

or two of the seeds of *Delphinium candidum*. It is an account of an expedition to the almost unknown mountains of Nyasaland. On page 233 I came upon this: "We walked from there, I reckoned, through ten square miles of irises. When this heraldic field of gold and purple ended we came to an altitude in which the grass glowed with the orange, red, blue and gold of wild gladiolus. Most lovely of all, enormous, single, white delphiniums shone like stars on all the darker slopes." This surely must have been the fragrant, large, white-flowered *Delphinium candidum* which had just reached me from Tanganyika. If so, it is pretty widely distributed, having first arrived here from Uganda.

A curious coincidence, I said. But is it, after all, so very curious and remarkable when things run unexpectedly together in this way? Would it not be much more astonishing if they never coincided. When they do coincide it is natural that we should notice it, and I suppose natural that we should be mildly surprised. But did anyone ever describe it as a remarkable coincidence—or, rather, the reverse of coincidence—that week after week, year after year, his guesses in football pools never once coincided with what actually happened on all those Saturday afternoons? No, some other description is more probable.

Although *Delphinium candidum* is apparently not a hardy plant in this country, it must undoubtedly be a thing of outstanding beauty, and it has two attributes—dwarfness and fragrance—which in the hands of the hybridist might bring much good to our

garden delphiniums. We could well do with more varieties of dwarfish and intermediate stature. The gigantic delphiniums that come to Chelsea and other leading flower shows, life-and-a-half size, six- and eight-footers, never fail to astonish the unthinking multitude. They are a wonderful achievement, first in the matter of plant-breeding, then in the matter of plant nourishment, and finally in skilled transport across half England to the show. They are magnificent, but hardly practical, everyday gardening. Only the largest and most lordly flower-borders could accommodate such giants and, anyway, pig dung is too precious in most gardens to lavish on the uneatable. Also in present-day garden economy the necessity for staking and tying up herbaceous plants is a thing which most gardeners try to avoid. However, it must be remembered that these astonishing show giants are only produced by special cultivation and lavish manuring. Those same varieties grown

under ordinary garden conditions would settle down to more reasonable and manageable habits, and would no longer try to rival and over-top the hollyhocks—which is a good thing.

Two or three years ago I fell for and ordered one of those Chelsea giants, not because it was a giant, nor because the price was a guinea, but purely on account of its uncrowded spike, and its exceptionally clear, pure, brilliant blue. Also because I felt pretty sure that it would settle down in my garden to comely proportions. This it has done. Also it has given me a quiverful, or rather a pan full, of hearty seedlings for planting out on trial this spring.

The Belladonna delphiniums are a race of which I am particularly fond. Growing only 3 or 4 ft. high, according to soil and nourishment, they have a wiry, graceful, slightly branched habit of growth. There are singles and doubles, and the colours range from Oxford to Cambridge and dawn-sky blues, and being rather shy seeders, they keep throwing an almost endless succession of flower-stems, which, incidentally, are excellent for cutting. More manageable than the big fellows.

If some of the Belladonna delphiniums could be induced to mate with *Delphinium candidum*, anything might happen. We might achieve a race of graceful semi-dwarfs, inheriting some of the splendour of *candidum's* great white blossoms and, above all, their fragrance. More unlikely things have happened in the family. It was by crossing *Delphinium elatum* with the little 18-in. orange-red Californian *Delphinium nudicaule* that the now famous pink delphinium of the Moerheim Nurseries. It is named *Delphinium x ruysii* and is catalogued also as "Pink Sensation."

Another possible mate for the great white East African delphinium would be the pretty little



WHITE-FLOWERED AND PRIMROSE-SCENTED: *DELPHINIUM CANDIDUM*, THE LITTLE-KNOWN EAST AFRICAN SPECIES, FROM WHICH, THOUGH IT IS BELIEVED NOT HARDY, MR. ELLIOTT HOPES THAT A RACE OF HARDY, SWEET-SCENTED HYBRIDS MIGHT BE RAISED.

(From Plate 8170 in the "Botanical Magazine," reproduced by courtesy of the Royal Horticultural Society.)

freely with us at 8000 ft. above sea-level. . . . The late General Smuts, who was very interested in botany, thought it worth while to pay a special visit to Tanganyika to see this in flower."

I looked up *Delphinium candidum* in the R.H.S. "Dictionary of Gardening," and from the brief, almost purely botanical description given, I gathered a few further useful crumbs of information. The plant is a dwarf (about 18 ins. high), slightly hairy, and perennial. The pure white flowers are some 2½ ins. across, and primrose scented. It came to England from Uganda. Although there is a line engraving illustrating it, the plant is not given the star used in the "Dictionary" to indicate special merit. The last word of all in the description is "greenhouse." That is perhaps not to be wondered at. Coming from so near the equator, the plant's demand for greenhouse protection may be deplored, but can not



AN EXAMPLE OF HOW A DWARF DELPHINIUM SPECIES CAN BE USED TO BRING A NEW CHARACTER INTO A WELL-KNOWN RACE OF GARDEN VARIETIES: THE DELPHINIUM "PINK SENSATION" (*STY. D. X RUYSII*). THIS FAMOUS VARIETY IS A CROSS BETWEEN *D. ELATUM* AND THE LITTLE 18-IN. ORANGE-RED *D. NUDICAULE*. Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.

Delphinium grandiflorum, with its 18-in. stature, and its fair-sized, pale- or dark-blue, or sometimes white, blossoms.

But why cross *D. candidum* at all, when it is already so beautiful? My answer is that a race of hardy, sweet-scented delphiniums would surely be most desirable. I would like them to be of medium, manageable height—3 ft. at most. With the parents I have suggested, they could hardly fail to be beautiful. But whatever hybrids might be raised, I think it probable, judging by descriptions, and the fact that General Smuts made a special trek to see the plant in flower, that I should still want to grow *Delphinium candidum* unmaten—except with its own kind, and unaltered, even if it does insist on the comfort of a greenhouse.



THE JUNGFRAU IN THE EVENING, FOLLOWING A DAY OF SNOW AND MIST: TAKEN BY FIELD MARSHAL MONTGOMERY FROM HIS MÜRREN HOTEL BEDROOM, AT ABOUT 4.30 P.M., WHEN THE MIST HAD CLEARED AND THE SUN WAS SETTING. A FINE PORTRAIT OF A LOVELY MOUNTAIN, TAKEN WITH THE STOP F/8 AND AN EXPOSURE OF 1/50 SEC.

THE JUNGFRAU AT SUNSET, AFTER SNOW: FROM A SUPERB NEW SERIES OF ALPINE PHOTOGRAPHS BY LORD MONTGOMERY.

In March issues of *The Illustrated London News* in 1949, 1950, 1951 and 1952, we have been privileged to reproduce some magnificent mountain photographs, mostly taken from the air, from the camera of Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein; and on this page and those following it we now reproduce some of the series which he has taken during January this year. His mountain photographs this year were taken on three days: one, a panorama including Mont Blanc, the

Matterhorn and the Grand Combin (which we do not reproduce) on January 20, during a flight from Paris to Rome; a series, taken on January 24, from a Swiss dual-control Messerschmidt 108, including the Mont Blanc, Matterhorn and Jungfrau groups; and two of the Jungfrau, from the windows of the Palace Hotel, Mürren, on January 28. The camera used for all was a Voigtländer-Bessa, with filter; and the films were Plus X, Fast Panchromatic.



THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN WESTERN EUROPE: MONT BLANC (15,780 FT.). THE EAST FACE, PHOTOGRAPHED BY FIELD MARSHAL MONTGOMERY AT ABOUT 14,500 FT. (F/8; 1/100 sec.)



THE TOPMOST PEAK OF MONT BLANC FROM THE S.E., PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE BRILLIANT SUNSHINE OF A PERFECT JANUARY DAY. (F/8; 1/100 sec.)

On this double page and on pages 359 and 362 we reproduce some magnificent Alpine photographs taken early this year by Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery in the French, Swiss and Italian Alps. All those on this double page were taken by Lord Montgomery in the course of a single day (January 27) from a dual control Messerschmidt 108, a training aircraft of the Swiss Air Force, flying at 14,500 ft., on a perfect day, with bright sun and about 25 degrees of frost. As those of our readers who have seen previous mountain photographs by Lord Montgomery in *The Illustrated London News* during the last four years are aware, the Field Marshal is an extremely skilled and successful photographer; and we have

much pleasure in quoting some of his general remarks on aerial mountain photography. "I have never used," he writes, "any mechanical device for giving the correct stop or shutter speed. In my view, the best results are got by using one's own judgment as to the conditions of light or shade, the detail required in the picture, and the relation of these to the type of film being used. When flying at over 100 m.p.h. at 14,500 ft. there is not much time for adjusting the camera; you have got to know what you want, and you have to act quickly; the only alternative is to lose the picture you are trying to get. . . . An important point in aerial photography is never to rest the arms on any portion of the aircraft, because of



THE SUMMIT OF THE JUNGFRAU—THE "YOUNG MAIDEN"—(13,660 FT.) FROM THE NORTH-WEST. THIS CLASSICALLY BEAUTIFUL PEAK IS ONE OF A GROUP OF THREE, THE OTHERS BEING THE MONCH AND THE EIGER, IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND. ALL THE PHOTOGRAPHS HERE SHOWN WERE TAKEN ON THE SAME DAY BY LORD MONTGOMERY. (F/11; 1/100 sec.)

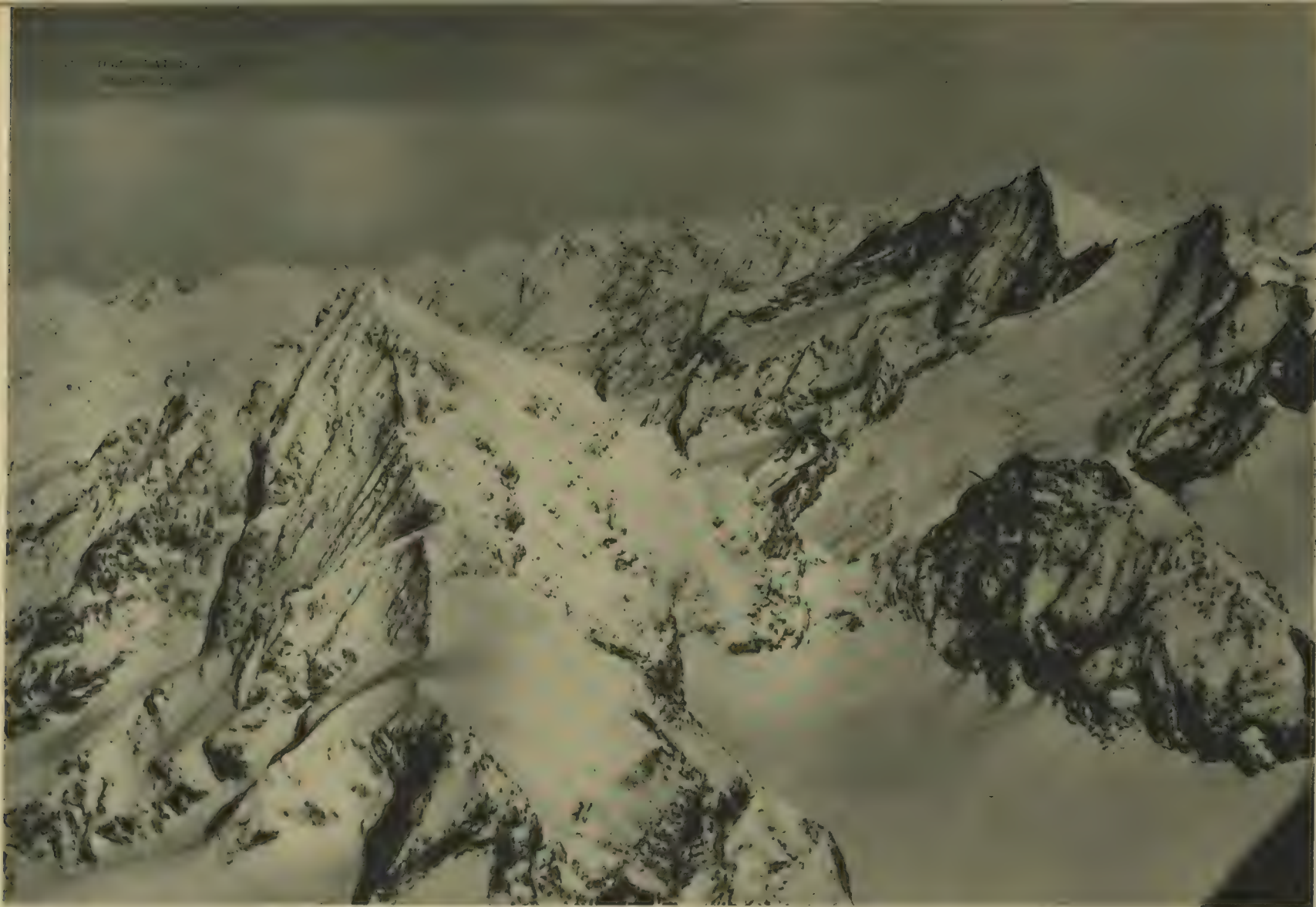


THE SUMMIT (13,660 FT.) OF THE JUNGFRAU, FROM THE WEST—THE PEAK SHOWING AGAINST THE SKY IN THE CENTRE OF THE PICTURE. IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND, THE SILBERHORN; IN THE EXTREME LEFT BACKGROUND THE SCHRECKHORN (12,287 FT.); AND TO THE RIGHT OF THE TOP OF THE JUNGFRAU, THE FINSTERAARHORN (14,028 FT.). (F/8; 1/100 sec.)

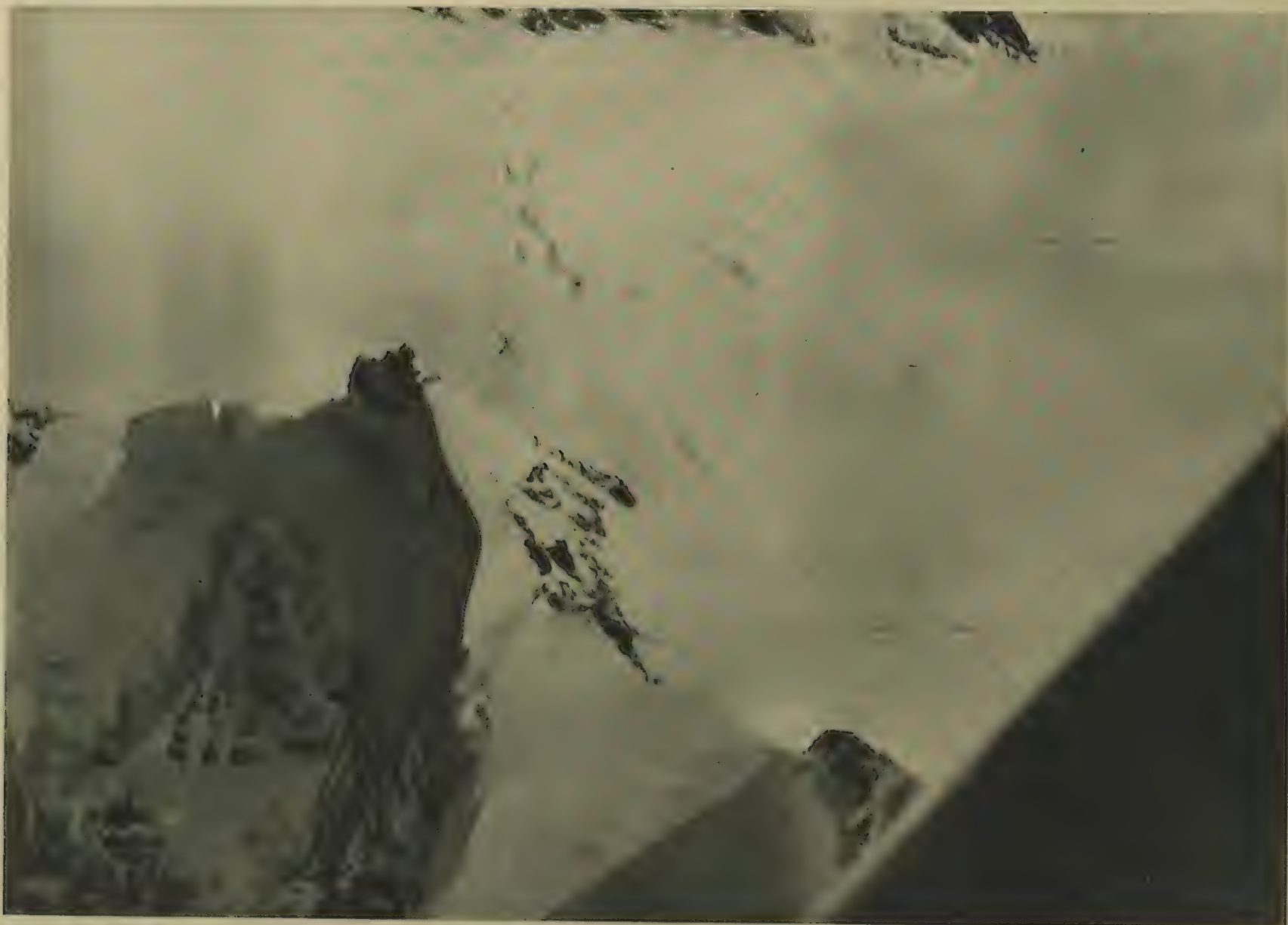
vibration. It is often considered that photography in Switzerland is quite simple, because of the sun and the snow. I would not agree. If you want a really good picture of any subject, great patience is needed. In the high Alps conditions change rapidly: the subject you want to photograph must be studied from the point of view of light, shadow, cloud effect, and so on; you may have to wait for

some hours to get exactly what you want; you must then be all ready when the moment arrives, since the opportunity will be fleeting. . . . In fact, if you want good pictures you must be prepared to give up your time to get them and must sacrifice other pleasures. It is easy to get the "ordinary" picture; the superb picture is difficult, and will not be got without study and patience."

MONT BLANC AND THE JUNGFRAU: WORLD-FAMOUS MOUNTAIN SUMMITS PORTRAYED IN ALL THEIR BEAUTY, TERROR AND GRANDEUR—IN SUPERB AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHS BY FIELD MARSHAL MONTGOMERY.



FLYING NORTHWARDS FROM THE MATTERHORN TOWARDS THE JUNGFRAU: A PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN FROM THE AIR BY FIELD MARSHAL MONTGOMERY, OF THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE DENT BLANCHE (14,318 FT.), IN THE LEFT CENTRE; THE PEAKS IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND BEING (L. TO R.) THE WEISSHORN (14,808 FT.) AND THE ZINALROTHORN (13,856 FT.) (F/8; 1/100 sec.)



PERCHED ON THE SPHINX ROCK (11,716 FT.), WHICH RISES FROM THE JUNGFRAUJOCH—THE SADDLE CONNECTING THE MÖNCH AND THE JUNGFRAU—IS THE WORLD'S HIGHEST PERMANENTLY OCCUPIED METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATORY. IN THE BACKGROUND, THE ALETSCHE GLACIER. (F/11; 1/100 sec.)

THE DENT BLANCHE, AND THE SPHINX ROCK WEATHER STATION: ALPINE PHOTOGRAPHS BY FIELD MARSHAL MONTGOMERY.

These two photographs, both taken by Field Marshal Lord Montgomery on January 27 from a Swiss training aircraft, are of two distinct mountain groups. The Dent Blanche is in the Matterhorn group on the Swiss-Italian frontier; the Sphinx Rock and Jungfrauoch lie in the very heart of Switzerland, north of the Rhône Valley and south of Lake Thun. The Jungfrauoch is the saddle between the Jungfrau and the Mönch, and it can be approached by a

masterpiece of engineering, Europe's highest mountain railway. From its summit station at 11,339 ft., the Sphinx tunnel runs for 787 ft. to give access to the Jungfrauoch Research Station, and there is also a lift inside the Sphinx Rock to its summit at 11,716 ft., where stands the Meteorological Observatory, claimed as the world's highest permanently occupied weather station. The Aletsch Glacier is the longest flow of ice (16½ miles) in Europe.



WITH BIRD-LIKE WINGS: A MODEL OF A TWO-SEATER AIRCRAFT CONSTRUCTED AFTER A DESIGN BY LEONARDO DA VINCI (1452-1519), NOW ON VIEW IN MILAN'S NEW MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND TECHNIQS, RECENTLY OPENED BY SIGNOR DE GASPERI.

INAUGURATING MILAN'S NEW MUSEUM: AN EXHIBITION OF DA VINCI'S INVENTIONS.



SHOWING THE SYSTEM OF HAND-LEVERS DESIGNED TO MOVE IT: A MODEL OF A TANK DESIGNED BY DA VINCI AND CONSTRUCTED BY ITALIAN SERVICE MEN.



A SLING FOR LAUNCHING MISSILES DESIGNED BY DA VINCI: CONSTRUCTED BY ITALIAN SERVICE MEN AND ON VIEW IN MILAN'S NEW MUSEUM.



A MULTIPLE GUN CONSTRUCTED AFTER A DA VINCI DRAWING: THE EIGHT BARRELS CAN BE FIRED SIMULTANEOUSLY OR INDIVIDUALLY AS REQUIRED.



A MODEL OF LEONARDO'S PARACHUTE: HE WAS CONVINCED THAT IT COULD BE SAFELY USED BY A MAN LEAPING FROM A TOWER; BUT THERE IS NO RECORD OF ACTUAL EXPERIMENTS.



"THE SCORPION"—THE MODEL OF A WARSHIP DESIGNED BY DA VINCI: IT WAS THUS NAMED BECAUSE OF THE SCYTHE-LIKE WEAPON MOUNTED ON A REVOLVING PLATFORM TO SEIZE ENEMY CRAFT.



SHOWING HOW IT WAS OPERATED: A MODEL OF A DEVICE FOR RAISING HEAVY COLUMNS INTO PLACE DURING THE CONSTRUCTION OF A BUILDING.

The splendid Leonardo da Vinci exhibition held in London last year in honour of this great genius's quincentenary is still fresh in our minds; and as an extension of the celebrations in Italy an exhibition of his technical and scientific work has been arranged in the new Museum of Science and Technics which Signor de Gasperi, the Italian Premier, opened recently in Milan. The Museum is housed in the Olivetan Monastery of San Vittore, built in 1508, an edifice used as a hospital in

the Napoleonic era and later as barracks; and severely bombed in the recent war. It has been restored and adapted as a museum arranged on a historical basis. The current Leonardo da Vinci exhibition includes models of many of his inventions, constructed by members of the Italian fighting forces. These can be studied in historical perspective by comparison with the state of knowledge reached by his contemporaries; and by later achievements.

THE STRANGENESS AND BEAUTY OF MEXICAN ART: EARLY SCULPTURE FROM THE CURRENT EXHIBITION.



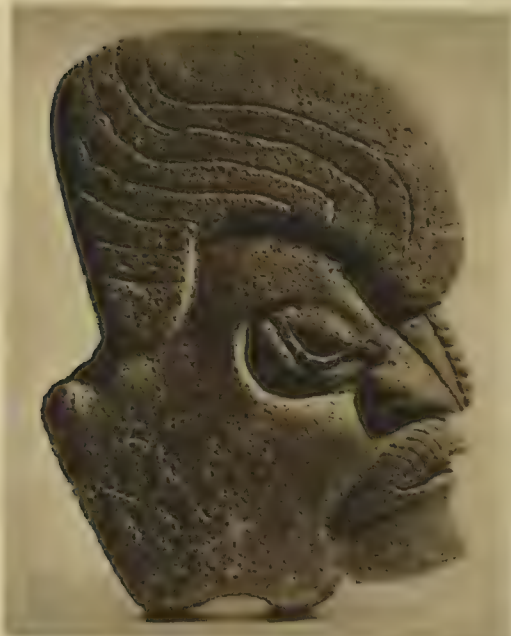
"THE ADOLESCENT." THE FIGURE HAS A DEFORMED SKULL AND IS FINELY TATTOOED WITH AGRICULTURE-AND-RAIN-SYMBOLS. SANDSTONE. HUAXTEC. TAMUIN. (SAN LUIS POTOSI.) 55½ by 14½ ins.



NIUTECUHTLI, GOD OF FIRE. BASALTIC STONE; EYES AND TEETH ENCRUSTED WITH MOTHER-OF-PEARL AND PYRITE. BEARS THE DATE 4 CIPACTLI. AZTEC. COZCATLÁN (PUEBLA). 45½ by 14½ ins.



SMALL MALE FIGURE WITH DEFORMED HEAD AND CHILDISH FEATURES. WHITE WARE, YELLOW TERRACOTTA. OLMEC. TLATILCO, VALLEY OF MEXICO. 14½ by 7½ ins. (Lent by Sr. Franz Feuchtwanger.)



CEREMONIAL AXE REPRESENTING A HUMAN HEAD IN PROFILE, WITH MOUSTACHE, AND BIRD'S HEAD HEAD-DRESS. DIORITE. CULTURE OF THE GULF OF MEXICO. MEXICAN GULF COAST. 10½ by 7½ ins.



FUNERARY MASK. VEINED ONYX. PERFORATIONS IN FORE-HEAD, NOSE AND EARS. TEOTIHUACAN. OTUMBA, VALLEY OF MEXICO. TEOTIHUACAN CULTURE DATES FROM 200 B.C. TO A.D. 900. 7½ by 7½ ins.



SMALL HEAD WITH THE SMILING FACE WHICH DISTINGUISHES THE CERAMIC ART OF THE COAST PEOPLES. OCHRE TERRACOTTA. CULTURE OF THE GULF. VERA CRUZ. 6½ by 5½ ins.



HEAD OF A WARRIOR OF THE OCELOT ORDER, WITH EAGLE'S HEAD HELMET. ANDESITE. AZTEC. MEXICO. AZTEC CULTURE LASTED FROM A.D. 1324-1521. 14½ by 12½ by 10½ ins.



BREASTPLATE REPRESENTING THE BAT GOD, WROUGHT IN JADE, EYES AND TEETH ENCRUSTED WITH MOTHER-OF-PEARL. ZAPOTEC (2ND PERIOD). MONTE ALBAN; (OAXACA.) 9½ by 6½ ins.



CEREMONIAL AXE REPRESENTING A HUMAN PROFILE, WITH TORTOISE-SHELL SHAPED HELMET. DIORITE. CULTURE OF THE GULF. 11 by 7½ ins.

The Exhibition of Mexican Art at the Tate Gallery, which was due to open on March 4, comes to London from Paris and Stockholm, where it roused great interest and enthusiasm. Close attention has been paid to the presentation of the exhibits, which cover the whole range of Mexican art from the archaic period to the present day, and some of the objects of the pre-Christian periods are displayed in a darkened gallery, lit only by narrow shafts of yellow light. This method has been chosen because these pieces were associated with sacrificial and other rites

held in temples lit only by narrow shafts of sunlight. In the introduction to the catalogue, Señor Fernando Gamboa, the Director of the Exhibition, writes: "Mexican art, throughout history and in all its forms, has sprung from the same creative force. From the archaic Indian civilisations to modern times, it was always closely related to the life and spirit of the people. This exhibition has been arranged in chronological order and special emphasis has been laid on the culminating points of each period."

MEXICAN ART AT THE TATE GALLERY: PRE-COLUMBIAN PERIOD MASTERPIECES.



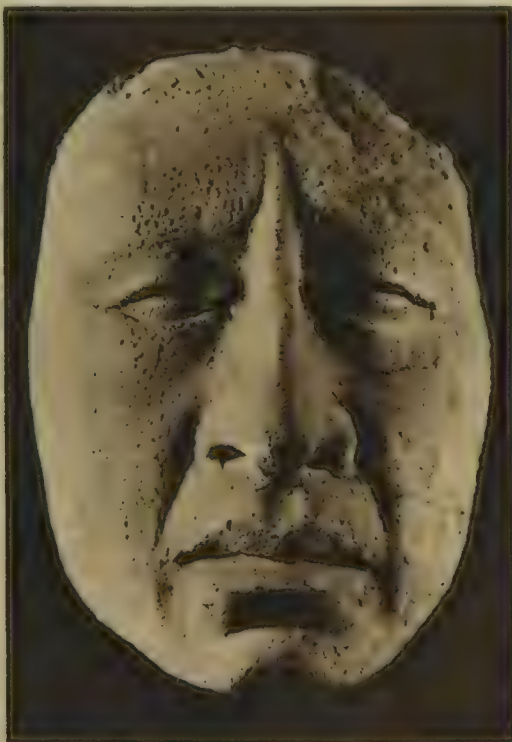
CHAC MOOL, A RAIN SPIRIT. A RECLINING FIGURE, WITH HEAD-DRESS OF SEVERAL STRINGS OF THREADED BEADS, BREAST-PLATE IN LIMESTONE THE SHAPE OF A BUTTERFLY; HOLDING A RECEPTACLE. TOLTEC-MAYA. CHICHEN ITZA. (YUCATAN.) 41½ by 58½ ins.



HEMISPHERICAL TRIPOD VASE OF POLISHED BLACK WARE, OCHRE TERRACOTTA. AN EARLY ARCHAIC PIECE FROM CHUPICUARO (GUANAJUATO). 6½ by 9½ ins. (Lent by Sr. Miguel Covarrubias.)



"THE WRESTLER." A SEATED MALE NUDE WITH BEARD AND MOUSTACHE, THE ARMS LIFTED IN AN AGGRESSIVE MANNER. STONE. OLMEC. UXPANAPAN (VERA CRUZ.) 25½ by 21½ ins. (Lent by Sr. Lic. Gustavo Corona.)



A MASK OF STUCCO. MAYA, OLD EMPIRE. PALENQUE, (CHIAPAS). MAYA CULTURE IS DIVIDED INTO OLD EMPIRE A.D. 317-987 AND NEW EMPIRE A.D. 948-1697. 11 by 7½ ins.



A FUNERARY URN REPRESENTING A FIGURE WITH PLUMED HEAD-DRESS IN THE FORM OF A JAGUAR'S HEAD. OCHRE TERRACOTTA. ZAPOTEC (3RD PERIOD). (OAXACA.) 18½ by 15½ ins.



A TORTOISE WITH A HUMAN HEAD IN THE OPEN MOUTH. BASALT. AZTEC. VALLEY OF MEXICO. THE ART OF THE AZTECS HAS AN EXPRESSIVE FORCE, ESPECIALLY IN SCULPTURE. IT IS PASSIONATE IN THE SERVICE OF A CREUL RELIGION. 14½ by 13½ by 20½ ins.

The Exhibition of Mexican Art which was due to open at the Tate Gallery on Wednesday, March 4, will continue until April 26. It has been arranged jointly by the Mexican Government and the Arts Council of Great Britain. It ranges from 1500 B.C. through the different periods of pre-Columbian art; and includes examples of Spanish Colonial work, of the art produced in the nineteenth century when Mexico became independent, and of that of contemporary artists; while a section is also devoted to popular art, which to this day has retained affinities with

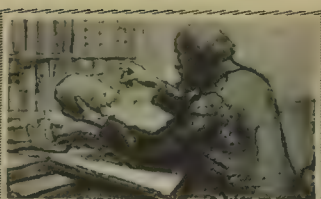


JAGUAR, RESTING. BASALT. AZTEC. VALLEY OF MEXICO. AZTEC ART IS RELIGIOUS; BUT THE RELIGION IT ILLUSTRATES WORSHIPPED DESTRUCTIVE POWERS, DEATH AND CRUEL, BLOODTHIRSTY GODS. 11 by 18½ by 17½ ins.

the productions of the archaic periods. On this and the facing page we reproduce pre-Columbian masterpieces. In his introduction to the catalogue, Dr. Linné, of the Stockholm State Ethnographical Museum, points out that Mexican art was almost entirely religious. "The decoration," he writes, "is always symbolic, but unfortunately too often with a symbolism which is hidden from us. Perhaps it is a mystical element in these symbols and their freedom from naturalism which makes us at the same time admire and yet feel foreign in the Mexican world."



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



RECOGNITION MARKS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

ONE advantage of having the trees bare of leaves in winter is that we are able to see things which, when there is a full foliage, are apt to be hidden. For me it is a joy to be able to see the bullfinches in the garden, to see them in all their magnificent beauty. During the summer I have heard the double reedy call all day long without catching a sight of one except by the merest accident, in spite of their vivid colouring. Yesterday, one flew into a plum-tree. There was a flash of white, of the rump feathers, but as soon as the bird had settled on a branch and closed its wings over the tell-tale white patch, it was almost lost to view. Only because I had seen it settle and had kept my eyes on it did I know where it was, for it blended perfectly with the shades of brown formed by the tangle of twiggy branches, provided the scarlet breast was turned from me. Walking through the woods, the bullfinches fly across my path, and almost invariably it is the white rump that catches the eye and identifies the bird.

Whatever the view we take on how such structures have arisen, whether by design or by accident, it is inescapable that they fulfil some purpose. In scientific language, they have a survival value, meaning that with them a species may succeed where without them it would retain only a slender hold on life or become extinct altogether. Taking colour as a whole, and this goes especially for birds, it has a protective value in so far as the animal tends to harmonise with the surroundings; yet it has a recognition value in that it identifies the species. The contradiction can be resolved, but not easily, and it seems that it might work this way in the case of the bullfinch. There is the conspicuous flash of the white rump, and then it is not, and the owner is invisible, or at least inconspicuous, a sort of "This is a bullfinch, that was." There can, then, be a dual purpose: to indicate to a companion which way the bird has gone, and to throw a pursuer off its mark. The last I can only illustrate by reference to a moth. The red underwing in flight shows its brilliant red patch in the hind wings, but as soon as it settles, the red is covered by the front wings, with a broken pattern of browns and greys. One may see a bird pursuing a red underwing, the target well in view. The moment the moth settles and merges with its background, its pursuer is obviously perplexed and searches up and down and all around the spot where its quarry so suddenly disappeared. The same effect can be seen on occasion from the rabbit's white scut. Against a suitable background, a running rabbit can be followed with the eye quite readily by the moving white patch. Then the rabbit suddenly jinks and is gone, still there, but invisible. This is especially true in a fading light.

It is very easy to be badly confused in seeking to interpret colour and colour patterns in animals. They subserve many functions according to the animal and according to circumstances, but one of these seems to be to provide a means of ready recognition between members of its species. This can best be discussed by reference to a simple example, and I can think of none better than our moorhen, or water-hen. About the size of a bantam hen, it is tolerably uniformly coloured, to all intents and purposes a dark brown, although closer examination shows its

plumage to consist of various shades of dark brown and slate or slate-blue. The moorhen lives on the water, among the reeds or water vegetation on the margins of the water, and generally in muddy and marshy places where there is broken ground and tangled vegetation. It will also go out into the meadows to feed. It is swift and ready in flight, running rapidly across land,

half-running, half-flying across the surface of the water, occasionally flying in short bursts or, of course, diving and remaining submerged. In all these, there is a characteristic movement which identifies the bird once you are used to it. The moorhen will, however, often take to cover and seek to avoid detection by remaining still, although this is less typical of it. There are really very few birds in Britain with which the moorhen can be confused, but because it is so wary, so quick off the mark, and speedy in movement, a split-second identification becomes very necessary. When making a particular study of moorhens, some years ago, I quickly grew accustomed to looking for one of three things: the red head-shield, the white feathers under the tail, and the white "Plimsoll line" on each flank.

If, indeed, there is any truth at all in this idea of coloured feathers or patches forming recognition marks, then the moorhen affords us the perfect example. Against a fairly uniform background, of a plumage having no other disconcerting pattern, these supposed recognition marks are so placed that one at least can be seen from the front, from the back and from either side, as well as from above and from below (i.e., from under the water). A moorhen, whether flying, submerged, swimming at the surface or running on land, from or in whatever direction, will be able to recognise one of its fellows in a glance.

There is a parallel, perhaps, in the practice adopted for military uniforms. The first aim of the field-dress is to make the wearer as inconspicuous as possible. There is, however, the addition of flashes to make clear at a glance which side a soldier is on, even to identifying the unit to which he belongs.

There are, of course, different qualities of recognition, varying with circumstances. In broad terms, an animal, bird or otherwise, must readily recognise a friend (or at least the neutrals, which are primarily members of its own species) from foe. Almost certainly it does this, as an experienced naturalist would, by general appearance, deportment and behaviour, and more especially by characteristic features of all three in combination. Then there is recognition at close quarters and for particular purposes, used by gregarious species for any one of their kind, or by mated pairs to give cohesion to their domestic affairs, such as defence of territory. There should, then, be at least one other form of recognition, the recognition of particular individuals. In human beings the face is the main focus for this, and it seems to be a common illusion that this is peculiar to ourselves, because we have mobile features capable of a changing expression is the argument normally advanced. Nevertheless, experiments carried out with aquarium fishes indicate that even they recognise particular individuals by the face. It was found, for example, that if the male of a mated pair of fishes was removed from the tank,

and enough of a plasticine mask put on him to obscure the face without preventing it from behaving normally, his mate, hitherto devoted and attentive, failed to recognise him. These experiments were carried out sufficiently carefully and in a sufficient number of different ways to make sure that it was neither the colour nor the smell of the mask, but the mere obscuring of the features of the face which inhibited recognition. And if both fishes and human beings recognise their nearest and dearest by face, then it is fairly certain that the practice is widespread in other animals as well.



SHOWING HOW THE FLANK AND TAIL FLASHES OF WHITE FEATHERS STAND OUT, LEADING TO QUICK RECOGNITION: A MOORHEN FEEDING ITS YOUNG AT THE NEST.

Colours in the plumage are accepted for their aesthetic appeal, but we are justified in assuming that whatever may have been their origin they have also a utilitarian value. In many birds they obviously serve as a camouflage; in others this is less obvious, though it may still be true. One of the possible uses, especially of conspicuous patches of colour, may be for recognition as between individuals of a species. A simple example is found in our moorhen, a bird normally inconspicuous when at rest, sombrely coloured, yet readily identifiable by the white of the tail, the "Plimsoll line" on the flanks and the red head-shield.



WITH THE "PLIMSOLL LINE" OF WHITE FEATHERS ON THE FLANKS HIDDEN AND ONLY THE WHITE TAIL AND RED HEAD-SHIELD REVEALING ITS IDENTITY: A MOORHEN ON THE NEST.

Photographs by Neave Parker.

THE CORONATION OF H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH II.

THE beautifully-reproduced Double Numbers of *The Illustrated London News* recording the three previous Coronations have proved to be abiding souvenirs of so great an occasion—treasured for their power of evoking those moments of history when a British Sovereign dedicates himself to the service of his people.

Aspects of the Coronation of her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II. and a record of the ceremony itself will appear in two Double Numbers of *The Illustrated London News* (issued on May 30 and June 6), forming a souvenir of the occasion of the greatest interest.

THESE TWO CORONATION DOUBLE NUMBERS WILL BE SENT TO ALL WHO TAKE OUT A YEAR'S POSTAL SUBSCRIPTION BEFORE MAY 30 AT NO EXTRA COST.

Orders for one year's subscription for *The Illustrated London News* to be sent overseas may be handed to any good-class newsagent or bookstall manager or sent direct to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and should include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent. The rates are as follows: Canada, £5 14s.; elsewhere abroad, £5 18s. 6d. (to include the Christmas Number). United Kingdom, £5 16s. 6d. (to include the Christmas Number).



AFRICAN ELEPHANTS, PHOTOGRAPHED BY FLASHLIGHT, DRINKING AND BATHING. THE FOLD-OVER—FORWARD IN THE AFRICAN AND BACKWARD IN THE INDIAN ELEPHANT—OF THE EAR IS SHOWN IN THE MIDDLE ANIMAL.

OUR readers will recall fine photographs of Atlantic seals by Mr. R. L. Willan and Messrs. C. A. M. and P. Smith, published in our issue of January 17, 1953. Mr. Willan has now obtained remarkable photographs of African elephants drinking and splashing. He writes: "For my most successful experience in watching the African elephant I was lucky to find a stout, branching tree which overlooked a small drinking-pool in Northern Tanganyika. It was the height of the dry season . . . the little stream flowing down from the mountains had, therefore, an obvious attraction. . . . The pool . . . was some 25 ft. long by 15 ft. wide and was almost divided into two smaller puddles by a spit of mud projecting from one bank. . . . From time to time since nightfall I had been hearing the sound of trumpeting. . . . By 10 p.m. the elephant herd was close at hand and I could hear the brush of the vegetation against their bodies, alternating with the sounds of their drinking as they walked slowly up the stream bed. At length two of them climbed up the bank 20 yards down-stream, where they showed for a moment as two black silhouettes against the moonlight. Without hesitation they walked to the near pool, dipped their trunks into the water and filled them, then curled them into their mouths and poured the water into their deep-sounding stomachs.



A GROUP OF AFRICAN ELEPHANTS: THE NEAREST AND THE LARGEST ANIMALS SHOW THE DARK FLUID SIMILAR TO THE "MUST" DISCHARGE IN THE INDIAN ELEPHANT FROM THE ORIFICE BETWEEN EYE AND EAR.

Continued.

probably by a mother elephant with a young calf. This second herd . . . spent some time drinking and bathing at the pools and moved away in its turn to feed. . . . At first light I caught a glimpse of a Red Forest duiker feeding daintily. . . . Soon after, the larger herd of elephants which had been the first to drink during the night, emerged . . . and crossed the open ground in front of me, to disappear into the larger sea of bush to the north. This herd must have comprised about forty individuals. . . . When the greater part had moved out of sight, a cow retraced her steps and re-entered the patch of bush from which the herd had come. She did not go far and soon came back to the open ground, where she stood and waited. . . . At last the six laggards she had been waiting for emerged. . . . They joined her. . . . Half an hour later the second herd, of twenty-five individuals, came out from the same patch of bush and moved off in the same direction. . . . On subsequent nights three distinct herds came to drink. . . . One evening a small party of

WILD AFRICAN ELEPHANTS DRINKING AND BATHING: FINE MOONLIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN FROM A HIDE.



AN AFRICAN ELEPHANT IN PROFILE, SHOWING THE DISCHARGE OF DARK FLUID BEHIND THE EYE. THE SMALLER ELEPHANT (RIGHT) IS HAVING DIFFICULTY IN CLIMBING THE SLIPPERY BANK.

The rest of the herd soon followed them and thronged both pools, while late-comers awaited their turn. Drinking was the first priority and the calves did little else. The adults, after satisfying their thirst, went on to bathing. The commonest practice was to swing one foreleg back and forwards, splashing a flurry of mud and water over chest, belly and hind-legs. . . . They used the trunk to throw water over the head on to the back, sideways on to the flanks, and between the forelegs on to the underparts. . . . The moonlight lit up every detail down to the drops of water glistening on their bodies. At length they had all had their fill and moved off to feed. There was a pause of half an hour, then came the same sounds of a second herd approaching. . . . When the elephants were still some 30 yards from me, one of them gave a shrill, angry trumpet, which was followed by a heavy, crashing retreat and the laboured, wheezing gasps as of an animal in the last stages of exhaustion or fear. I turned my torch on it as it passed, and found it was a full-grown rhino which must have blundered into the elephants and been seen off.

(Continued below.)



A MOTHER AFRICAN ELEPHANT WITH A YOUNG CALF, AND A SECOND LARGER ONE PARTLY VISIBLE BELOW HER HEAD. THIS ADULT, THOUGH FEMALE, APPEARS TO SHOW A DISCHARGE OF DARK FLUID BETWEEN EYE AND EAR.

five elephants came to drink at 6.30 p.m., while it was still light. They must have belonged to one of the herds but been unable to wait till nightfall to drink." Mr. Willan concludes: "The crotch in my tree was neither capacious nor comfortable. . . . But, as I watched the elephant herds drinking and splashing in the moonlight, often utterly unaware of my presence, I would not have exchanged my solitary vigil for all the blessings of civilisation." [Flashlight photographs by R. L. Willan.]



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

THREE BOOKS ON ART.*

By FRANK DAVIS.

VELASQUEZ understood dogs, Renoir cats. As that appears to be a somewhat frivolous statement which might offend the authors of two very sound, serious and beautiful books, I had better try to exculpate myself from a charge of flippancy. One thing at least can be said for it: it is factual. There are numerous dogs in the paintings by Velasquez, noble, solemn creatures as a rule, and with a charming lapdog, the one in the portrait of the child Philip Prosper at Vienna, for good measure; do you remember it in the exhibition of pictures from Vienna in 1949? There is no question at all, this grave, fastidious, fine-drawn man—see his self-portrait in "Las Meninas," reproduced in detail in "Spanish Painting from Velasquez to Picasso"—has a feeling for dogs which is scarcely inferior to his feeling for men. Now look at two of the portraits chosen for the Phaidon volume, "Renoir Paintings"; here are two cats (Plates 41 and 59), beautifully observed, each of them in an ecstasy of contentment, and looking as if butter would not melt in their mouths, as cats do look when nursed in the right lap. His dogs, however, seem to me to be made of wool or door-mats—they have no character, no existence of their own. Is it purely fanciful to see in the circumstance a symbol of the difference between these two indubitably great men, the Spaniard so aloof, proving the life of the most magnificently stilted Court of Europe, the Frenchman so sweetly gay, his long life a poem of praise to the glory of sunlight and of women?

The Renoir volume, with a sensitive introduction by Mr. William Gaunt, will presumably be the more popular of the three noticed here, by reason of its subject; it is good to have so careful a selection of Renoir's works reproduced on an adequate scale. There are 104 of them, though the pernickety will, as usual, find that the seventeen colour reproductions do not quite attain to the delicacy of the originals. Of the other colour-plates I find the later pictures—those in which a vivid red predominates—are the more

heroic legends of art. Not only would he not give in, he contemplated fresh triumphs, was able to achieve them. . . . The brush was affixed with sticking-plaster to his crumpled hand—he called it 'putting on his thumb.' Once in position it was obviously not practicable to change brushes at intervals. He used the same brush throughout, dipping it in turpentine at intervals to clean it. The brush stroke was fumbling, yet this did not weaken the power of the visions he transferred to canvas, which seemed even to gain, in youth and energy, as it grew more difficult for him to work." Opinions no doubt will always differ as to the quality of the work carried out under such adverse conditions—that is, as compared to the paintings of his early manhood. Even these last shocked the old-fashioned, for did not old Gérôme, teacher at the Beaux-Arts, stand up with arms outstretched as President Loubet was about to open the Impressionist Gallery at the Exposition of 1900 and cry out: "Stop, M. le Président, this is the dishonour of France!"? We have witnessed a similar fuss in this country over Mr. Epstein. "If," says Mr. Gaunt, "criticism grew silent when the Renoir room at the *Salon d'Automne* of 1904 was generally acclaimed, it still lay in wait for that last roseate period, long after his death and at the time of the *Orangerie* Exhibition of 1933. A writer in the 'Figaro' referred then to his 'pneumatic Pomonias swollen and covered with a sort of reddish oil, lying as if ripening in orchards, and resigned to becoming monsters before being eaten.'"

Mr. Lassaigue's book on "Spanish Painting from Velasquez to Picasso," which follows his "From the Catalan Frescos to El Greco" (already reviewed on this page), tells the story in a series of magnificent colour reproductions. What the *Figaro* might say about one or two of the later illustrations I do not know. The single picture by Dali seems to me uncommonly silly and revolting—technically academic, dreadfully gruesome. Picasso is seen at his noblest in the "Harlequin" of 1923, tender and compassionate in the "Sick Child," 1903, violent and inhuman in the "Bull's Skull" of 1942, a great painter none the less—and what a draughtsman! But Picasso, Gris, Miro, Dali come into this volume by the accident of birth—they are expatriates, surely, moving in a world which is not Spain. The real interest of this superbly produced volume lies in its earlier chapters and in the care with which famous paintings and details from them have been chosen; a hand and a sword-hilt, for example, from an El Greco; or the tapestry which forms the background to "The Spinners," by Velasquez. The essay on Goya seemed to me particularly well-balanced; and the illustrations will be doubly welcome to English readers because many of them are unfamiliar. Most of us know his self-portrait in the Vienna Gallery—a sardonic and brilliant *tour de force*, with its big beaver hat; few of us, the

no-less-revealing self-portrait of 1785 from the collection of the Count of Villagonzalo, Madrid, or the Rembrandt-esque "Christ in the Garden of Olives" (1819), from the Church of San Anton, Madrid. As to the little masters, no Netherlandish painter produced a more engaging still life than Cotan, with an apple, a cabbage and a melon (the Fine Arts Gallery, San Diego, California)—nor surely, anyone, anywhere, an example of mawkish piety more distasteful than the Zurbaran of "The Virgin as a Child," from the Metropolitan Museum, New York, or more delightful than the architectural vista by the same painter from a portrait in the Monastery of Guadalupe.

The third book to be noticed here is by Mr. A. E. Popham, Keeper of the Print Room of the British Museum, and is concerned with the drawings of that sixteenth-century minor painter Francesco Mazzola (1503-1540), better known by his nickname of Il Parmigianino—a minor painter, that is, by comparison with the bright stars of the Italian firmament, but by any standard a man of strongly marked personality and graceful attainment. Mr. Popham's introduction deals fully with the painter's life and also—and this I imagine will be of more than usual interest—provides a sidelight upon both Continental and English fashions in collecting. I am acquainted with numerous people who are frankly bored by drawings of this sort, arguing that they see no more interest in a painter's rough notes for a picture than in a composer's

rough notes for a symphony or in a writer's rough notes for a novel. I personally think the analogy is false, but only half-an-hour ago a friend of mine, turning over the pages of this volume, said just that and thought he must be particularly dim. I told him he could console himself with the knowledge that he was in very good company and that those of us who really did like drawings could not help it; we were just made that way and could not claim as a virtue what was no more than an instinctive taste. What he found odd was not only that individuals to-day were fascinated by such things, but that drawings by Parmigianino were eagerly collected in the painter's lifetime, and that they enjoyed extraordinary popularity during the two following centuries. Very many were in the Earl of Arundel's collection in England (the Earl died in 1646), and the pages which Mr. Popham devotes to this aspect of his subject have a very special fascination; he speaks of "the extraordinary enthusiasm which his [Parmigianino's] drawings aroused in collectors and the amount of study which was devoted to them by the connoisseurs of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries."



FIG. 1. "LAS MENINAS" ("THE MAIDS OF HONOUR"), 1656: BY DIEGO VELASQUEZ (1599-1660), WITH A SELF-PORTRAIT (LEFT) AND A NOBLE DOG IN THE FOREGROUND.

"There are numerous dogs in the paintings by Velasquez, noble, solemn creatures as a rule. . . . For example, the dog in the celebrated painting 'Las Meninas,' which is reproduced, by courtesy of the publishers, from 'Spanish Painting from Velasquez to Picasso,' one of the books reviewed on this page.



FIG. 2. "A GIRL SEATED ON THE FLOOR IN A ROOM": BY FRANCESCO MAZZOLA, GENERALLY CALLED IL PARMIGIANINO (1503-1540). PEN, BROWN INK AND BROWN WASH.

"This drawing from the life or from life as seen through Parmigianino's eyes . . ." is reproduced, by courtesy of the publishers, from "The Drawings of Parmigianino," by A. E. Popham, one of the books reviewed on this page.

satisfactory. The greens and blues of the earlier paintings do not come out so well. When Renoir was fifty-three—that is, in 1894—he began to suffer from arthritis. To most other men, that would have meant the end. Had he given in at that time he would still have left behind him some of the noblest lyrical paintings known to France, for he was in truth the lineal descendant of Fragonard. But, as Mr. Gaunt puts it: "The struggle of the crippled man is one of the



FIG. 3. "L'ENFANT AU CHAT": A PORTRAIT OF Mlle. JULIE MANET; BY PIERRE-AUGUSTE RENOIR (1841-1919).

"Velasquez understood dogs, Renoir cats," writes Frank Davis. This illustration, reproduced by courtesy of the publishers, from "Renoir Paintings," one of the three art books reviewed on this page, illustrates a cat painted by the great French nineteenth-century master "in an ecstasy of contentment . . . as cats do look when nursed in the right lap."

* On this page Frank Davis reviews "Spanish Painting from Velasquez to Picasso." Text by Jacques Lassaigue; translated by Stuart Gilbert. 70 Reproductions in Full Colour (Skira; distributed in Great Britain and the Dominions by A. Zwemmer, Ltd.; £5 10s.); "Renoir Paintings," with an Introduction by William Gaunt. 104 Plates, 17 in Full Colour (Phaidon; 42s.); and "The Drawings of Parmigianino," by A. E. Popham. With 72 pages of Half-tone Illustrations (Faber and Faber; 42s.).

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



MR. TOM SMITH.

Died on February 27, aged sixty-eight. Formerly Labour M.P. for Pontefract, and then for Normanton; he was labour director for the North-Eastern Division of the National Coal Board from 1946 to 1952. From 1942-45 he was Joint Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Fuel and Power. He was a member of the British delegation to the Anglo-American Conference, Bermuda, 1946.



FIELD MARSHAL VON RUNDSTEDT.

Died at Hanover on February 24, aged seventy-seven. One of the ablest German commanders in World War II., he was C-in-C. in the West in the early phase of the Anglo-American invasion in 1944. He was arrested in 1945, accused of war crimes and, after long delay, released from imprisonment in 1949 on grounds of ill-health, and proceedings against him were dropped.



SIR EDWIN CORNWALL.

Died on February 27, aged eighty-nine. He was Deputy Chairman of Ways and Means and Deputy Speaker, House of Commons, 1919-22; Controller of the Household, and Minister for National Health Insurance, 1916-19. He was Chairman of the L.C.C. from 1905 to 1906; and Liberal M.P. for North-East Bethnal Green, 1906-22. He had been knighted in 1905, and a baronetcy was conferred upon him in 1918.



GENERAL BAHARMAST.

Chief of Staff of the Persian Army, who was dismissed by the Prime Minister, Dr. Mossadeq, on March 1. He was accused by Dr. Fatemi, the Foreign Minister, of failing to control the previous day's demonstrations and staying at the Shah's Palace while a crowd attacked the Prime Minister's house. General Baharmast was replaced by Gen. Riahi, a supporter of Dr. Mossadeq.



SIR CECIL RODWELL.

Died on February 23, aged seventy-eight. He was Imperial Secretary, South Africa, 1903-18; Governor of Fiji and High Commissioner for the Western Pacific, 1918-24; Governor of British Guiana, 1925-28 and Governor of Southern Rhodesia, 1928-34. From 1942 to 1945 he returned to play his part in public service as Controller of Diamonds at the Ministry of Supply.



BACK FROM THE U.S.: SIR JOHN BLACK, DEPUTY CHAIRMAN OF THE STANDARD MOTOR COMPANY.

On his return from the U.S. on February 26 Sir John Black, deputy chairman and managing director of the Standard Motor Company, announced that an agreement in principle had been reached with Willys-Overland Motors, Inc., of Toledo, Ohio, for the Standard Company to manufacture Willys Jeeps at Coventry for sale throughout the sterling area by both companies.



TO BE KEEPER OF THE DEPARTMENT OF PRINTED BOOKS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM: MR. ROBERT A. WILSON.



TO BE KEEPER OF ORIENTAL PRINTED BOOKS AND MANUSCRIPTS, AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM: MR. JACOB LEEVEN.



TO BE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE READING ROOM AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM: MR. NOEL F. SHARP.

The principal trustees of the British Museum have appointed Mr. J. Leveen to be Keeper of the Department of Oriental Printed Books and Manuscripts, in succession to Dr. A. S. Fulton, who has retired. Mr. R. A. Wilson, formerly Superintendent of the Reading Room, is to be Keeper of the Department of Printed Books, in succession to the late Mr. F. G. Rendall. Mr. N. F. Sharp is to be Deputy Keeper of the Department of Printed Books and Superintendent of the Reading Room. Mr. R. D. Barnett is appointed Deputy Keeper in the Department of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities. Dr. Fulton, retiring Keeper of the Department of Oriental Printed Books and Manuscripts, joined the staff of the British Museum in 1911.



TO BE DEPUTY KEEPER OF EGYPTIAN AND ASSYRIAN ANTIQUITIES, BRITISH MUSEUM: MR. R. D. BARNETT.



TO BE CHIEF RANGER OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE IN SUCCESSION TO THE QUEEN: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET.

Princess Margaret has accepted an invitation from the Girl Guides' Association to become Chief Ranger of the British Empire in succession to the Queen, who relinquished the appointment on her accession to the Throne. The Princess is seen here in her uniform as Commodore of the Sea Rangers. She has been Commodore for four years.



AT MR. ATTLEE'S SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY TEA-PARTY: A HANDSHAKE FOR THE LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION AND A KISS FOR MRS. ATTLEE. Presentations in celebration of his seventieth birthday were made to Mr. Attlee, Leader of the Opposition, at a tea-party at the House of Commons on February 25. Our photograph shows (l. to r.) Alderman Fred Blower; Mr. Tom O'Brien (Chairman of the T.U.C.); Mr. Attlee; Mr. Arthur Greenwood (Chairman of the Labour Party, who presided); Mrs. Attlee and Mr. Herbert Morrison. Mr. Attlee's birthday was on January 3.



SIR LOUIS GREIG.

Died on March 1, aged seventy-two. For many years he was a close friend, confidant and counsellor of King George VI. He was appointed surgeon to the R.N. College, Osborne, in 1908, and was there when both King George VI. and the Duke of Windsor were cadets. He had been chairman of the All-England Lawn Tennis Club since 1936. In 1926 he partnered the Duke of York at Wimbledon in the All-England Doubles tournament.



ARRIVING AT VICTORIA STATION ON FEBRUARY 26: ABDEL RAHMAN HAKKI (RIGHT), THE NEW EGYPTIAN AMBASSADOR TO LONDON.

Abdel Rahman Hakki, the newly appointed Egyptian Ambassador to Britain, arrived in London on February 26. He is sixty-one, and was Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. He succeeds Dr. Fawzi, who became Foreign Minister last December. The new Ambassador paid a courtesy call on Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, Minister of State, at the Foreign Office on the day after his arrival.

ROYAL OCCASIONS AND OTHER ITEMS: A CAMERA SURVEY OF THE NEWS.



INSPECTING THE SHIP'S COMPANY OF H.M.S. *KENYA*: H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER AT PORTSMOUTH, WHEN SHE WELCOMED THE CRUISER ON ITS ARRIVAL FROM THE MEDITERRANEAN. On February 24 H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester was at Portsmouth to welcome home the cruiser *Kenya*, which her Royal Highness launched at Clydebank in 1939. The Duchess of Gloucester inspected the ship's company on the south railway jetty and later spoke to many of the relatives and friends present to see the ship arrive from Malta to pay off after service overseas.



HANDLING A 3.5-IN. "BAZOOKA" DURING HIS INSPECTION OF THE 2ND BN., THE ROYAL INNISKILLING FUSILIERS: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AT COLCHESTER. On February 24 the Duke of Gloucester, Colonel-in-Chief of The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, inspected the 2nd Battalion of the Regiment at Sobraon Barracks, Colchester, and is seen in our photograph examining a 3.5-in. "bazooka," which has now become a standard weapon for British infantry, as was announced in a recent memorandum to Parliament.



THE WEDDING OF MISS MARY CONNELL TO THE HON. DAVID MONTGOMERY: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM AT ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL, GLASGOW, WITH FIELD MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY. The marriage of the Hon. David Montgomery, only son of Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein, and Miss Mary Connell took place at St. Mary's Cathedral, Glasgow, on February 27. Field Marshal Lord Montgomery, who was in the full-dress uniform of Colonel-in-Chief of The Royal Warwickshire Regiment, was greeted with prolonged cheering when he arrived for the ceremony.



THE WEDDING OF MR. A. R. WAGNER, RICHMOND HERALD, TO MISS G. M. GRAHAM: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM AFTER THE CEREMONY ON FEB. 26.



INSPECTING AN R.A.F. GUARD OF HONOUR ON HIS ARRIVAL IN NAIROBI: GENERAL SIR JOHN HARDING, CHIEF OF THE IMPERIAL GENERAL STAFF. General Sir John Harding, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, landed at London Airport on February 26 after an eight-day visit to Kenya and the Canal Zone. During his visit to Kenya he toured the Mau Mau areas in both the British settlement and the Kikuyu reserve.



ARRIVING AT BOW STREET COURT TO HEAR THE CASE AGAINST HER HUSBAND: LADY DOCKER



THE DEFENDANT IN THE CURRENCY CASE: SIR BERNARD DOCKER ARRIVING AT BOW STREET COURT WITH CAPTAIN TOURTEL (RIGHT).

On February 25 Sir Bernard Docker appeared before the Chief Magistrate at Bow Street Court to answer a summons alleging a breach of the Exchange Control Act, 1947. He pleaded "Not Guilty" to a charge of having conspired with Captain Hector Edward Tourtel, master of his motor-yacht *Shemara*, and members of the crew, to contravene a restriction that foreign currency bought by those persons must be used solely for their own living and personal expenses. On February 27 Sir Bernard was ordered to pay a fine of £50 and 250 guineas costs for committing a breach of the Exchange Control Act.

WORLD POLITICS, INTERNATIONAL SPORT AND A ROYAL VISITOR IN LONDON.



THE ENGLAND RUGBY INTERNATIONAL FOOTBALL TEAM WHICH DEFEATED FRANCE AT TWICKENHAM BY 11 POINTS TO NIL. THEY ARE DUE TO MEET SCOTLAND ON MARCH 21. England beat France at Twickenham on February 28 in the International Rugby Football match. The winning team consisted of N. M. Hall (captain); J. E. Woodward; J. Butterfield; L. B. Cannell; R. Bazley; M. Regan; P. W. Sykes; R. V. Stirling; E. Evans; W. A. Holmes; S. J. Adkins; D. T. Wilkins; D. S. Wilson;



THE FRENCH RUGBY INTERNATIONAL FOOTBALL TEAM WHICH LOST TO ENGLAND AT TWICKENHAM ON FEBRUARY 28. THEY ARE DUE TO MEET WALES ON MARCH 28. J. McG. Kendall-Carpenter; and A. O. Lewis. The French team was G. Brun; R. Bodeu; M. Prat; J. Mauran; L. Rogé; A. Haget; G. Dufau; J. Arrietta; R. Bertrand; R. Carrere; R. Brejassou; B. Chevalier; J. Prat (captain); M. Celaya; R. Bienes. Two of the new caps, Celaya and Carrere, fairly won their spurs.



QUEEN JULIANA OF THE NETHERLANDS IN LONDON ON FEBRUARY 26: HER MAJESTY AT THE DUTCH PAINTINGS EXHIBITION AT BURLINGTON HOUSE, WITH SIR GERALD KELLY. Queen Juliana of the Netherlands and Prince Bernhard flew to England on February 26 for the day. They lunched at Buckingham Palace with the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, to whom they expressed their gratitude for British help to Holland in the flood disaster. Queen Juliana in the morning visited the Royal Academy and spent an hour at the exhibition of Dutch Paintings.



THE FOREIGN MINISTERS OF THE SIX STATES OF THE EUROPEAN DEFENCE COMMUNITY MEET IN ROME: A GROUP TAKEN AT A QUIRINAL PALACE RECEPTION. Agreements were signed between Italy and W. Germany and Italy and France after Foreign Ministers of E.D.C. States had met in Rome. Our group shows (l. to r.) Signor de Gasperi (Italian Premier and Foreign Minister); M. Bidault (Foreign Minister, France); Signor Pella (Italian Minister of the Budget); M. Van Zeeland (Foreign Minister, Belgium); Signor Einaudi (Italian President); Dr. Adenauer (W. German Chancellor and Foreign Minister); M. Van Beyen (Foreign Minister, Netherlands); and M. Bech (Foreign Minister, Luxembourg).



BRITISH ENTRANTS FOR THE INTERNATIONAL "INFERNO" RACE WITH F. M. LORD MONTGOMERY (CENTRE) AND TPR. HARRISON, WINNER, MONTGOMERY TROPHY (SECOND FROM LEFT). Our group shows Pte. M. Sullivan, Royal Leicestershire Regt.; Tpr. N. Harrison, R.A.C.; 2nd Lt. P. Miller, K.R.R.C.; Lt.-Col. R. B. Readhead, late 12th Rl. Lancers; F.M. Lord Montgomery; Capt. A. Petrie, R.E.; Rifleman R. Hooper, Rifle Brigade; Capt. P. Ibberson, 16-5 Lancers; and Gunner J. Torrens 5 R.H.A. Tpr. Harrison, son of Mr. Rex Harrison, the actor, won the trophy which F.M. Lord Montgomery awards annually to the first British skier to finish in the longest downhill race in the world, held at Mürren.



A SOCIAL OCCASION WHICH PRECEDED THE DECEPTION ISLAND ACTIONS WHICH HAVE CALLED FOR PROTESTS BY BRITAIN: A CHILEAN DINNER WITH BRITISH AND ARGENTINIAN GUESTS. This dinner, which was given by the commander of the Chilean frigate *Iquique*, off Deception Island, and to which both British and Argentinian officials were invited, shortly preceded the Chilean and Argentinian action in setting up huts on British territory on that island. These huts were dismantled by the British authorities and diplomatic exchanges between Britain and the two South American countries have followed. Deception Island is part of the Falkland Islands Dependencies.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

PROPELLERS AND PETTICOATS.

By ALAN DENT.

LET me say at the outset that "Above and Beyond" (American) and "Appointment in London" (British) are two films about wartime flying which are immensely to be seen. I have reservations—coming along in no time!—to make about each of them. But each has a fundamental integrity, and each is thoroughly well made.

"Above and Beyond" is about nothing less momentous than the dropping of the first atomic bomb, which demolished Hiroshima and killed 80,000 people. Even infants are aware that this event almost literally made the world stand still for a second in the summer of 1945, and that it almost instantaneously stopped the war. It may even—and from the depths of one's heart one hopes it may!—have stopped world-war for all time.

It shook humanity. It was man's master-stroke—and let him realise, when the smoke has finally cleared, that it would be insane as well as wicked to attempt to surpass or even repeat this master-stroke! It made the nations—snarling at each other exactly like so many children whose game has turned into an ugly quarrel—drop their sticks and stones and at least attempt to be reasonable and friendly once again.

It startled—I have no doubt whatever—Stock Exchanges all over the still-revolving earth. It was mentioned in prayers and sermons. It turned America's leading comic-paper into one concentrated, wholly serious, and brilliantly graphic description of the event, for the space of a single and greatly enlarged issue. It did all these things, and countless more things, and its repercussions may go on for years, or even for ever.

But it failed in one thing. It did not succeed in making Hollywood realise that the magnitude and intense importance of the atom-bomb was any whit greater than the magnitude and intense importance of sex, of the passion of the female for the male! The film called "Above and Beyond" gives us near its conclusion—when its hero, Lieut.-Colonel Paul Tibbets (Robert Taylor), presses that fearful button—awe-inspiring and cataclysmic documentary testimony of what happened to a modern city in next to no time. Awe is aimed at, and awe is undoubtedly felt.

But this is not quite the end of the film. The end comes when Tibbets steps out of his 'plane and meets the wife he calls "Sugar" at the rare moments when she is not nagging, sulking, or prying into his secrets. They have in the interim almost quarrelled and all but parted. But now she realises that he is a hero after all, and that the secrets he kept from her were the State's secrets. And there he is, ready to forgive and forget, with in his hand a bottle of her favourite perfume, apparently purchased on the way back from Hiroshima. And so the grim smile of Robert Taylor meets the long-suffering smile of Eleanor Parker, two hearts beat as one again, and a film which—by every law of aesthetics and art, logic and decency, sense and sensibility—should have ended in solemn catastrophe, ends in a silly mush.

Mr. Taylor succeeds in giving us far more of Tibbets's essential character than his author has given him a chance to display. But Miss Parker can convey little more than the essential exasperatingness of "Sugar" who, besides being a blithering idiot, is a menace as well. A good half of the film is taken up with "Sugar's" domestic difficulties and with the fact that she mistakes her husband's preoccupation for neglect—and this is about ten times too much.

Suspecting for a moment that I may be showing a shade too much of masculine bias in the matter, I turn to the Sunday goddesses of film criticism to find my opinions amply vindicated. Juno said: "Far too much of it is given up to what M.G.-M.

describes as 'The Love-Story behind the Billion-Dollar Secret.' The love-story consists, in the main, of domestic bickerings, and the very reasonable demands of Mrs. Tibbets to know whether her husband's

grumps are due to 'something really important.' Security is security, but surely they could have told the poor girl 'yes' without losing the war." And Minerva said: "If massacre must be the subject of entertainment I prefer it to be massacre not so recent and therefore to me not so real. Others not necessarily

less squeamish may feel that a story which leads directly to Hiroshima is a proper theme for the serious topical cinema. But they too may wish that Colonel Tibbets had not been portrayed as a modern Lovelace with Mrs. Tibbets as his Lucasta. To give a romanticised version of the family quarrels and the embraces of living people is embarrassing. When the romance gets in the way of history I find it tedious too." To these shrewd and admirable comments I would only add that the intolerable and pin-headed curiosity of this little wife comes near to ruining the whole effect of this fine film for me, and that I should find Miss Parker no whit less infuriating if she were playing along the same lines the wife of any other responsible hero, from Christopher Columbus onwards.

Incidentally, the Colonel in two different places refers to his wife's nose, or at least her nosyness. Once, uxoriously, he calls her the nosiest little something-or-other he has ever met; and elsewhere, angrily, he tells her to "go home and stay home and keep your nose out of this business." It would interest me much to know whether

the script-writer had any mischievous thought of the actress's surname when he inserted these lines.

Oddly enough—or should one say, expectedly enough?—"Appointment in London" is somewhat marred by the same petticoatish irrelevances. This is a film about those young men—valiant beyond our thanks—who dropped the countless bombs over Germany that won the war without actually ending it. The script and, remarkably enough, the music too, is the work of John Wooldridge, and it is good work. It all takes us back to the most hectic days of the war. But the effect is far more inspiring than depressing—(1) because in the Bomber Command scenes, where by far the greater part of the film happens, we get the true impression, of a job being done coolly, efficiently, thoroughly, and to the ultimate fulfilment of a set purpose; and (2) because we have here another instance of British film-making vying with the best that America can do in the same line—"Twelve O'Clock High," for example, and, for that matter, all the non-domestic sections of "Above and Beyond" which (as I hope I made clear) are superlative and memorable.

The nerve-racked chief pilot and his casual American liaison-officer friend are beautifully played by Dirk Bogarde and William Sylvester. There is a neat and touching little performance by Bryan Forbes of a young pilot, obviously doomed from the start, who solaces himself for the absence of his newly-made wife by playing badly on an out-of-tune mouth-organ. There is a no less touching little performance by Anna Leon as this little wife, whom we do not see until she has become a little widow. But Dinah Sheridan, who plays a rating in Naval Intelligence and who has both chief officers, the Englishman and the American, madly in love with her, seems to me a cause of prolongation of war rather than a means of winning one. Miss Sheridan is as tall and as handsome as a chalice, and about as fit as a chalice for holding the hot tea and cocoa with which every successful raid over the enemy begins and ends. Miss Sheridan, in short, is just another "Sugar."



"ABOVE AND BEYOND" (M.G.-M.): A SCENE FROM THE FILM WHICH "IS ABOUT NOTHING LESS MOMENTOUS THAN THE DROPPING OF THE FIRST ATOMIC BOMB, WHICH DEMOLISHED HIROSHIMA"; SHOWING MAJOR-GENERAL VERNON C. BRENT (LARRY KEATING), IN CENTRE, AND COLONEL PAUL TIBBETS (ROBERT TAYLOR), ON RIGHT, LISTENING TO A LECTURE BY DR. FISKE (JACK RAINE) ON THE DESTRUCTIVE EFFECTS OF THE ATOMIC BOMB.



A DRAMATIC MOMENT IN "ABOVE AND BEYOND": COLONEL PAUL TIBBETS (ROBERT TAYLOR), WATCHED BY MAJOR-GENERAL VERNON C. BRENT (LARRY KEATING), PREPARES TO GIVE THE SIGNAL WHICH WILL SET "OPERATION SILVERPLATE" IN MOTION.



"APPOINTMENT IN LONDON" (BRITISH LION FILM CORPORATION): A SCENE FROM THE FILM ABOUT Bomber Command IN WHICH THE ACTION TAKES PLACE DURING ONE MONTH IN 1943; SHOWING WING-COMMANDER TIM MASON (DIRK BOGARDE) ORDERING BILL BROWN (BILL KERR) INTO HIS AIRCRAFT WHILE MAC (WILLIAM SYLVESTER), AN AMERICAN LIAISON OFFICER ATTACHED TO Bomber Command, LOOKS ON.

WITH 17 ARRESTS TO HIS CREDIT: THE ONLY WHITE ALSATIAN IN THE METROPOLITAN POLICE, AT WORK.



ONE of the most encouraging features in the handling of the post-war crime wave has been the marked success and the increasing use of police-dogs—particularly Alsatis and retrievers. In Hyde Park, for example, the use of dog patrols has practically stamped out bag-snatching; and their employment is particularly suitable in similar areas.

[Continued below.]

(LEFT.) THE ONLY ALL-WHITE ALSATIAN POLICE-DOG IN THE METROPOLITAN POLICE—Rap, who has a record of SEVENTEEN ARRESTS IN THE HARLESSEN DISTRICT: HERE SEEN ON A TRACKING LEAD.



IN PURSUIT OF A "SUSPECT." HERE RAP HAS BEEN SLIPPED FROM HIS USUAL SHORT LEAD AND IS CATCHING UP THE SIGHTED "BAG-SNATCHER." THE LONG TAPE LEAD IS ONLY USED IN OPEN COUNTRY, WHEN THE DOG IS SEEKING A SCENT.



THE "SUSPECT" TREED; AND THE HANDLER COMES UP TO MAKE THE ARREST. POLICE DOGS HAVE BEEN PARTICULARLY USEFUL IN THE CONTROL OF PARK CRIMES.



THE "SUSPECT" ARRESTED: FROM RAP'S GRIP ON THE WRIST THERE IS NO ESCAPE. IN ADDITION, THE KNOWN PRESENCE OF POLICE DOGS IS A STRONG DETERRENT TO CRIMINALS.



THE END OF A PERFECT ARREST. THE HANDLER HAS THE "SUSPECT" IN CUSTODY, THE "BLACK MARIA" IS WAITING, AND RAP IS READY FOR ANY ATTEMPTED BREAKAWAY.



RECOVERY OF THE STOLEN GOODS. HERE, WHEN THE THIEF HAS DROPPED WHATEVER HE HAS STOLEN, RAP CAN SCENT IT OUT AND, IN THE CASE OF A BAG OR SIMILAR LIGHT OBJECT, RETRIEVE IT FOR THE HANDLER.

[Continued.]

Recently, however, the extension of their use to thickly-populated built-up areas has been tried; and three Alsatis have been used with great success at Harlesden. Since their introduction housebreaking figures there have dropped between 35 per cent. and 40 per cent. Rap, the only white Alsatian in the Metropolitan



THE POLICE DOG AT HOME. SUCH DOGS LIVE WITH THEIR HANDLERS; AND HERE RAP TAKES HIS EASE AFTER THE DAY'S DUTY WITH P.C. GRIMSHAW-BROWN AND THE CONSTABLE'S EIGHT-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER.

Police, has made seventeen arrests; Flash, a brown and black dog, has made twelve; and Kim, a brown and black bitch, seven. The dogs had three months' training at Imber Court and live now at the homes of their handlers. All were gifts from private persons and all do normal tours of day and night duty.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

THIS week the reader is required to brace himself. Fiction can't always be a pleasant stroll; sometimes one has to battle through a gale of wind, or keep one's intellectual footing like a chamois. Let us start, therefore, with the loud bassoon: with thunder, lightning and deluge.

"Invisible Man," by Ralph Ellison (Gollancz; 15s.), is, as it were, presented with a bludgeon. "Absolute authenticity" . . . "Reality unexpurgated" . . . "An Odyssey as deep in experience as it is brief in time" . . . "Belongs on the shelf with the classical efforts man has made to chart the River Lethe from its mouth to its source." . . . So the American reviewers sing. Alas, one feels: This book is going to be exceedingly pretentious. It is, indeed; and it is also valuable to a degree, and wildly over-written. But, all the same, it has originality and power.

The "invisible man" is a young Southern Negro on the make. Since in his world the race is to the humble and conforming, he has conformed even in thought, striving in all things to appease the whites and show his gratitude for coming favours. And for a time it works. A school oration on humility proves him a "good, smart boy," and wins his entrée to the Promised Land—the State college for Negroes. At college he is equally subdued, treading the beaten path in the assurance of apotheosis. Then comes his fatal day. He takes a Northern founder for a drive: takes him unwillingly behind the scenes, through a grotesque apocalypse, to a deplorable conclusion. It was not his fault—and yet he is expelled the campus. However, there is balm in Gilead. Let him go north, says Dr. Bledsoe; he can have letters to the great, and earn his next year's fees, and in the fall, *perhaps* . . .

So our young climber finds himself in Harlem. He has absorbed the shock, and now looks forward to returning as a travelled man. Meanwhile, his introductions are a source of pride. He brags of the good job in store, plans to be more acceptable than ever, and waits in vain for the replies. Then he is stunned with a new truth: there will be no replies, and he is not intended to return.

Next comes his factory career: one crazy day; ending in hospital with something like electrocution. He is turned out "lobotomised" and a new man—fearless and self-asserting, but adrift. Then he runs into an eviction, rouses the crowd in an impromptu speech, and falls in with the Brotherhood. Here black and white have the same chance; here he can reach the top, and play the orator for "history." He means it, too; he is converted by his own harangues. Till, in a last prophetic storm, the veil is rent once more, and all is perfidy and disillusion. "Unexpurgated," yes; that is the word. But full of energy—and, in the Harlem scenes, of a chaotic life.

"The Blue Hussar," by Roger Nimier (MacGibbon and Kee; 12s. 6d.), does not invite one to relax. Far from it; liveliness of mind, or, one might say, elastic tension, is a *sine qua non*. The tale is split up into fragments, banded from mouth to mouth; it is elusive, sceptical, anti-banal, almost inexorably nimbly-witted. And yet this very challenge is a release; after the all-out slogging of "Invisible Man," it is like dancing upon air.

But though the touch is light, the theme is neither cynical nor "realistic"; it is a Gothic fantasy of love and war. First, the Hussars are stationed in Lorraine. St. Anne is the "new boy," a fair-haired cherub, impudent and pure of heart. He is quite guileless of his own appeal. The Colonel's rascally, neurotic mistress melts over him in secret—and he is none the wiser. Captain de Forjac dotingly protects him—and strikes him as a good sort, but a lunatic. Sanders, the hateful, admirable tough, seems to dislike him—he would be much surprised to know that the "dislike" is envy of his charm, mixed with unwilling tenderness.

These are the last days of the muddled war. After a fag-end of campaign the French troops settle in the Rhineland. They are absorbed into a Gothic dream: a dream of legend and romance, of arras dusty in the moonlight in deserted halls, of endless pines and dim, Wagnerian catastrophes. Of course, this scene requires a Brunnhilde. Sanders has picked his girl, his big and beautiful young German; so has St. Anne. Each dreams in his own way, according to his inner life; but their young beauty is the same. And as the clue is in her hands, she can obey her blood and act the Valkyrie in earnest.

Great novels are much simpler than this, and less afraid of the banal. But, on the other hand, this one has more variety and sparkle than I can suggest in brief. And, after all, excess of cleverness is not a vulgar failing.

"Alys at Endon," by Rosalind Wade (Macdonald; 10s. 6d.), does offer a nice stroll, rather deliberate in pace and, I should think, for women only. But in a quiet way, it has intelligence and insight.

It starts off in a London club, with the encounter of three women: Miss Mathurst, the ex-Suffragette, her crippled protégée Miss Lugg, and the old eagle, Mrs. Minterne. After one look, the cripple faints, and Mrs. Minterne sweeps out of the room. Then each in turn explains herself to the narrator, in the minutest detail and in precisely the same style. The framework is completely wooden. But the tale itself—the tale of that old summer in the Dorset hills, and of the young girl Alys Lugg, who came to Endon as a "waif," destroyed its peace and was so horribly destroyed—this is real human drama. No one holds all the truth—not after forty years; and when it all comes out, we find there was no villain in the piece, only the tragic separateness of human lives.

In "Deadly Night-Cap," by Harry Carmichael (Collins; 9s. 6d.), there is decidedly a villain. Her name is Esther Payne, and she has died of strychnine in her sleeping tablets. She was insured, moreover, for £10,000, and so the company enlists John Piper to investigate. Did Mrs. Payne take her own life? Or was she murdered by her husband, the "thriller king," with his wild laughter and impatience for arrest? Or was it Dr. Falkenheim's "mistake"?—or not quite a mistake, since the dead woman was pursuing him? Or what of his young partner, his young dispenser? They are all telling lies, all scuttling for cover, like things turned up under a stone. It is a hateful case; and it is bafflingly intricate. I thought, too intricate, and rather stifling in tone. But there is plenty to engage the mind.—K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

BALKAN "BANDITS."

THE British genius for improvisation, for co-operation with, and leadership of motley forces of other nationalities—a genius to which we owed our great Indian Empire—was never better demonstrated than by the irregular forces during the last war. Of the many books which have appeared on the subject of the war in the Balkans, "Illyrian Venture," by Brigadier "Trotzky" Davies (Bodley Head; 18s.), is one of the most absorbing. The late Brigadier Davies—he died shortly after the war as an indirect result of the appalling stomach wounds he received in the Albanian mountains, six days from the medical treatment which his German captors so painstakingly gave him—was a regular soldier seconded at the age of forty-three to S.O.E. With a small picked body of officers he was dropped to the Albanian partisan forces. The story he tells is without art—and gains in consequence. It is a story of great gallantry which we are left to infer from the casual text, of hardships and difficulties wonderfully overcome and cheerfully borne, of constant exasperation and frustration. As far as the latter were concerned these took these forms: waiting on signals from Cairo, which often did not arrive because of the mountainous nature of the country; for supplies of arms, food and ammunition, which were as often frustrated by weather or engine failure in the R.A.F. planes which so gallantly maintained liaison; and last but not least, in trying to get the generous, blood-thirsty, suspicious Albanians to fight the enemy rather than each other. In the end, the mission was surprised and broken up, and Brigadier Davies, with other wounded members, had to be left behind to fall into enemy hands. His experiences as a P.O.W. ranged from the generous character of the German doctor who first operated on what he considered a hopeless case, and whose delight, when Brigadier Davies suddenly took a turn for the better after being given up, was obvious and genuine, to the fantastic story of his brief incarceration in Mauthausen Concentration Camp. This camp was run by the ferocious Colonel Zeireis, who was responsible for the death of over 122,000 Allied prisoners. With his companions the Brigadier, still on a stretcher, arrived at Mauthausen, where they were abused as "bandits" by Zeireis's number two, and interviewed by the Commandant himself. When Zeireis told him, through his interpreter, that he was a German Regular officer, a colonel with eighteen years' regular service, Brigadier Davies replied: "That is nothing. I am a regular British officer, one rank higher than he is and having twenty-four years' regular service I huff him by six years." This had the effect on Zeireis of not merely granting the prisoners' requests, such as food, clean sheets, beer and cigarettes, but of having them sent back to Vienna the following day. This gallant story constitutes a sufficient epitaph for the Brigadier himself and for all those who fought in the Balkans, volunteers who "were mostly young men in their twenties, lacking experience in diplomacy and foreign relations, eager to fight and defeat the enemy."

It is a book which should be read in conjunction with "Tito Speaks," by Vladimir Dedijer (Weidenfeld and Nicolson; 21s.). Marshal Tito is now, as a result of Russian pressure, slightly more inclined towards the West than towards Moscow, but his régime remains, as he himself points out, basically Communist, and, as independent observers believe, a tyrannous one. It is questionable whether, if the gallant young Britons who served in Yugoslavia had not lacked "experience in diplomacy and foreign relations" there might not have been a post-war régime in Yugoslavia with which it would have been possible for the West to co-operate without reservations. Nevertheless, this story of the professional revolutionary is a fascinating one, particularly for the picture it gives of the Soviet leaders. While anyone who knows the Balkans will find it difficult to regard Marshal Tito as an attractive character and may feel even a sneaking sympathy for the Russians at being out-smarted and quadruple-crossed by their protégé, this is a remarkable book about a remarkable personality.

From the uncivilised Balkans to over-civilised Italy is a pleasant step, particularly when it is made in the company of so accomplished a writer as Mr. Sean O'Faolain in "South to Sicily" (Collins; 16s.). Mr. O'Faolain had as his original intention that of witnessing the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius in Naples. But, in fact, the posthumous activities of St. Januarius's corpuscles have merely proved an excuse for one of the most charmingly described tours of Southern Italy and Sicily which I have ever read. From Mr. O'Faolain's pages, as much as from the excellently chosen photographs, one gets the very feel of "the warm south" and of the excitable, lovable and long-suffering Italians of the region. I put this in the very front rank of travel books.

As for my colleague Mr. J. C. Trewin's "A Play To-night" (Elek; 16s.), I can only say that I find it exasperating—exasperating for the fact that the products of so elegant, eloquent, lively a pen should appear in the same pages as one's own. Peter Ustinov has said surely the last word about John Trewin when he speaks of him as "a splendidly civilised man at work in our midst," and its description of plays he has seen for the three years, 1949 to 1952, not merely survives the handicap of allusiveness (I did very little theatre-going in the period), but is a work of art in itself.

I never had the privilege of knowing the late Air-Commodore H. G. Brackley, the hero of "Brackles: Memoirs of a Pioneer of Civil Aviation," put together by his widow, Frida H. Brackley (Mackay; 25s.). A gallant airman in the R.N.A.S. in World War I, his achievements in the field of civil aviation between the wars and after World War II, will have left its mark on British civil flying. This pleasant book about a brave man is also a memorial to a good one, for "he was a devout Christian churchman who loved his God and the Catholic beauty of Anglican worship; he had been a choirboy and a server in his day and he sought for Sunday Eucharist in most countries to which he flew. He loved his King, his country and his fellow-men of all races; his home, his family and his children. He hated war, loved music, colour, flowers and animals . . ." "Brackles" must have been a fine man.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

RARELY can a chess master have tackled such quaintly-mixed opposition as C. H. O'D. Alexander in the simultaneous display which was televised from the National Chess Centre a week or so ago. The organisers had endeavoured to balance numerically people who were well known as chess-players, with well-known people who play chess.

Alexander, as those who viewed may recall, lost to Miss Eileen Tranmer, ex-British Lady Champion and clarinettist in the Sadler's Wells Ballet orchestra, to N. A. MacLeod, representing Scotland, to London Boy Champion K. F. H. Inwood, and (not as planned, this!) to "Vicky," the *News Chronicle* cartoonist; he drew with R. W. Bonham, the blind expert from Worcester, and G. Tarjan, the B.B.C. Chess Club champion; and he beat Lord Brabazon, Kingsley Martin (*New Statesman* editor), L. Marsland Gander (radio critic), Terence Reese, the bridge expert, R. W. V. Robins, the Middlesex and England cricketer, R. W. Gosling, representing the South, Mrs. Bourdillon, representing the West, T. C. Hughes, representing South Wales, R. Gunning, London Transport champion, and my daughter Peggy, the British Girl Champion, who lost brilliantly! Alexander is not the best of our simultaneous chess players: he plays too slowly and seriously, but he certainly exploited in spectacular fashion Peggy's almost unnoticeable weakening of her king's side by 9. . . R-K1:

VIENNA OPENING.

| White | Black | White | Black |
|-------------|----------|-------------|----------|
| | Miss | | Miss |
| C. H. O'D. | M. E. E. | C. H. O'D. | M. E. E. |
| ALEXANDER | WOOD | ALEXANDER | WOOD |
| 1. P-K4 | P-K4 | 11. Kt-R4 | P×P |
| 2. Kt-QB3 | Kt-KB3 | 12. B×Pch | K×B |
| 3. P-B4 | P-Q4 | 13. Q-R5ch | K-Kt1 |
| 4. P×KP | Kt×P | 14. Q-B7ch | K-R2 |
| 5. P-Q3 | Kt×Kt | 15. Q-Kt6ch | K-Kt1 |
| 6. P×Kt | Kt-B3 | 16. Q-B7ch | K-R2 |
| 7. Kt-B3 | B-K2 | 17. B-R6! | B-B3 |
| 8. P-Q4 | Castles | 18. B×P | B×B |
| 9. B-Q3 | R-K1 | 19. Q-Kt6ch | K-R1 |
| 10. Castles | P-B3 | 20. R-B7 | Winning |

The "Vicky" game was a wild affair:

FRENCH DEFENCE.

| White | Black | White | Black |
|------------|---------|------------|---------|
| C. H. O'D. | "VICKY" | C. H. O'D. | "VICKY" |
| ALEXANDER | | ALEXANDER | |
| 1. P-K4 | P-K3 | 8. Kt-KB3 | KKt-K2 |
| 2. P-Q4 | P-Q4 | 9. Q-B4 | Q-B2 |
| 3. Kt-QB3 | B-Kt5 | 10. Q-B6 | R-Kt1 |
| 4. P-K5 | P-QB4 | 11. Kt-Kt5 | Kt-B4 |
| 5. P-QR3 | B×Ktch | 12. P-Kt4 | Kt-R3 |
| 6. P×B | Kt-QB3 | 13. Kt×RP | Kt×KP |
| 7. Q-Kt4 | P-Kt3 | 14. Q-R4 | R-Kt2 |

Black, who has been playing remarkably well for an amateur, not unnaturally overlooks the next move to seize the initiative by 15. . . QKt×KP, which would have been far stronger than the capture by the other knight as it threatens 16. . . Kt-B6ch, winning White's queen.

15. P-R3 KKt×KP 18. K-Q1 Q×BP
16. Kt-B6ch! K-B1 19. B-Q3?

With the glare of the T.V. lights and the necessity to orate divertingly every half-hour or so superimposed on the normal strain of simultaneous chess against many opponents, Alexander overlooks the straightforward win by 19. Q-R8ch, K-K2; 20. Q×R. Because 20. . . Q×R? would lose Black's queen by 21. Kt×Pch!, P×Kt; 22. Q×Q, Black has nothing better than 20. . . Q×Kt, which leaves him a rook down. Instead, by 19. . . Q×R; 20. Q-R8ch, K-K2; 21. Q×R, Q×Kt he emerged three pawns up.

IN BRITISH GUIANA: THE PRINCESS ROYAL VISITS A BRITISH COLONY IN S. AMERICA.



THE PRINCESS ROYAL'S ARRIVAL AT ATKINSON FIELD AIRPORT ON FEBRUARY 14 FOR HER FIVE-DAY VISIT TO BRITISH GUIANA: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS ABOUT TO LEAVE THE AIRCRAFT IN WHICH SHE HAD FLOWN FROM TRINIDAD.



THE ROYAL PROCESSION TO GOVERNMENT HOUSE, GEORGETOWN, FROM ATKINSON FIELD AIRPORT: THE INTERMITTENT SHOWERS OF RAIN DID NOT DAMP THE ENTHUSIASM OF THE CROWDS WHO CHEERED THE PRINCESS ROYAL ALONG THE ROUTE.



TAKING THE SALUTE FROM RED CROSS DETACHMENTS AT GEORGETOWN, BRITISH GUIANA: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS ROYAL (STANDING ON PLATFORM), WHO WAS WELCOMED IN THE COLONY WITH IMMENSE ENTHUSIASM.



DECORATING MISS EUNICE DAVIS WITH A BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY THREE-YEARS-SERVICE BADGE: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS ROYAL, WHO HAS BEEN INSPECTING LOCAL RED CROSS BRANCHES DURING HER TOUR.



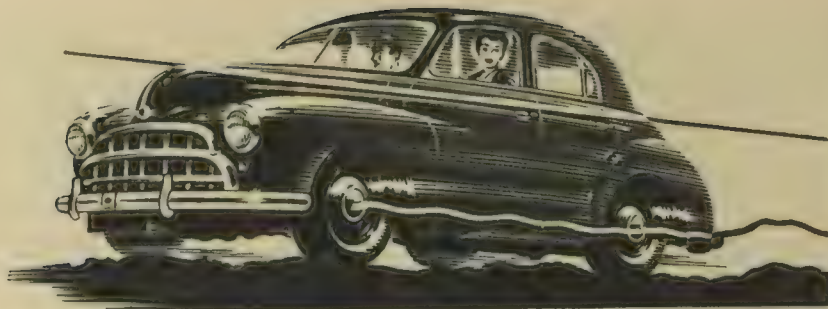
VISITING THE BOTANIC GARDENS AT GEORGETOWN, BRITISH GUIANA: THE PRINCESS ROYAL ADMIRING AN ORCHID. HER ROYAL HIGHNESS ALSO SAW THE COLONIAL MUSEUM AND EXAMINED A MODEL OF THE GREATER GEORGETOWN SCHEME.



RECEIVING GUESTS AT THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE RECEPTION ON FEBRUARY 17: THE PRINCESS ROYAL AT NEW AMSTERDAM, IN THE COUNTY OF BERBICE. SHE LEFT BRITISH GUIANA BY AIR ON FEBRUARY 19 FOR BARBADOS.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal arrived in Trinidad in the tanker *Regent Springbok* on February 8, to begin her tour of the West Indies. On February 14 she flew to British Guiana and received a royal welcome from thousands of British Guianans as she drove from the airfield to Government House. Her Royal Highness fulfilled a long programme during her five-day visit to the colony. On February 16 she received the freedom of Georgetown and accepted a nugget brooch of British Guiana gold set with a diamond. Her other engagements

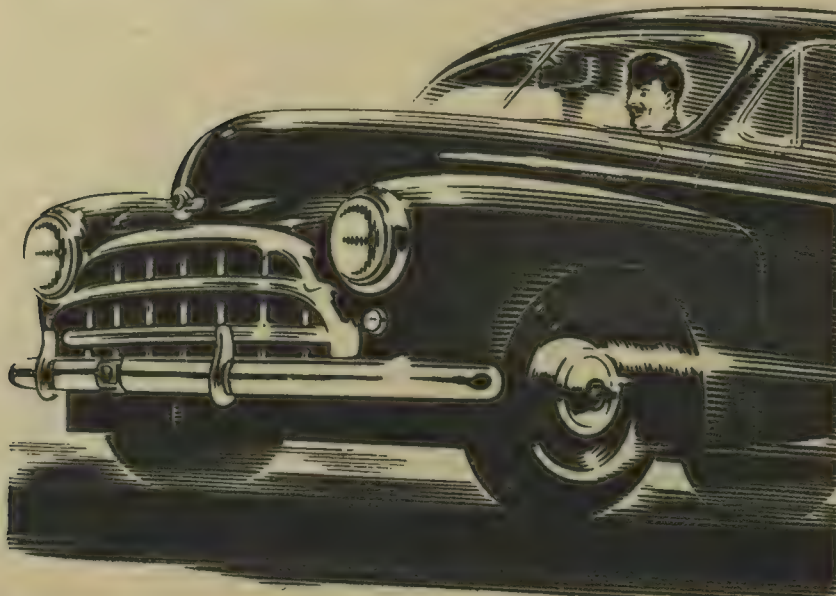
included the inspection of Red Cross detachments, and presentation of Red Cross decorations; and visits to a child welfare clinic and to the Colonial Museum and the Botanic Gardens. She attended a service at St. George's Cathedral on February 15 and planted a tree in the garden of the Princess Elizabeth Red Cross Convalescent Home for children. On the 17th she went to New Amsterdam to meet the Town Council and attend a reception. She left by air for Barbados on February 19, after having inspected a guard of honour of British Guiana volunteers.



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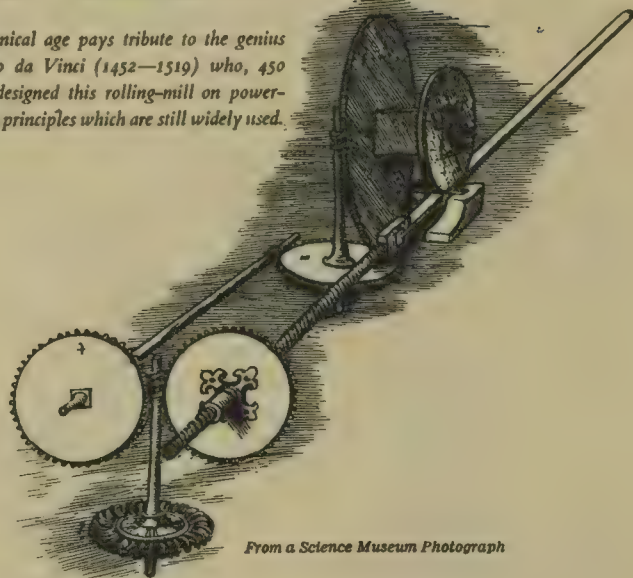
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Powerless Genius-4



This mechanical age pays tribute to the genius of Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519) who, 450 years ago, designed this rolling-mill on power-transmission principles which are still widely used.



From a Science Museum Photograph

Leonardo da Vinci's inventiveness was severely restricted by the inadequate forms of power available to him; human muscle, water power and gravity. Foreseeing so many things, it is possible he realised that this handicap would one day be overcome.

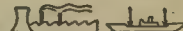
Yet it was not until 250 years after his death that man began to utilise the power that lies in coal. A further 100 years passed before the vast potentialities of mineral oil for power and lubrication were realised. In the early pioneering days of the new oil era Vacuum Oil Company was founded. By constant research from 1866 onwards Vacuum have contributed to many of the mechanical advances taken for granted today. The Flying Red Horse trade mark under which Vacuum's many products are marketed is known throughout the world.

PIONEERS IN SCIENTIFIC LUBRICATION

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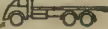
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River incident[★]

ROLEX OWNERS can be found in all parts of the world, and Rolex watches are often subjected to test in some exotic places. A letter from a customer once took us, for instance, to Sukkur, in Pakistan, where the mile-long Barrage spans the River Indus. This particular customer was standing on the Barrage when he had the misfortune to drop his watch over the parapet.

It fell twenty-seven feet, and disappeared with a twinkle into twenty-three feet of water.

The Barrage divers volunteered to search; it took them two hours of rooting about in thick mud before they brought to the surface the little mud-encrusted object that was the missing Oyster.

Was it damaged? No. Stopped? No. Washed and dried, that Rolex was found to be completely intact and still going.

That was just one Rolex. But it demonstrates the incredibly fine workmanship of the men who made those pin-head parts and set them in place. And it demonstrates, too, the extraordinary efficiency of the Rolex Oyster case—the case that was designed and developed by Rolex, the first, and still the foremost, waterproof case in the world.

And even if you'll never go to Sukkur, to stand on the Indus Barrage, even if you and your watch lead the quietest of quiet lives, don't think that your watch needs no protection. There are so many enemies—dust and dirt, water, perspiration—and they must be guarded against. But you need have no worry if your watch is of the same fine family as this old Indian campaigner, the Rolex that fell from the Indus Barrage.

★ This is a true story, taken from a letter written by the customer in question (Mr. H. W. Oddin-Taylor of London, W.1) to the Rolex Watch Company Limited. A photostat of the original letter may be inspected at the offices of The Rolex Watch Company Limited, 1 Green Street, Mayfair, London, W.1.



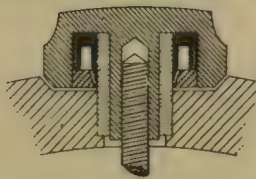
"It fell twenty-seven feet and disappeared with a twinkle into twenty-three feet of water"



Proudly acclaimed as the first really waterproof watch in the world, the Rolex Oyster is still unbeaten and unbeatable. The Oyster case uses the most reliable method of waterproofing—the self-sealing action of one metal upon another—and dust and damp can try in vain to harm the accurate movement.



The last touch of perfection is added to all Rolex Oysters by this new, slimmer, hand-finished case



Defeating human fallibility, the new Phantom Crown is waterproof even when pulled out for hand-setting

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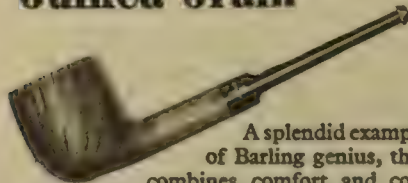
For future reference: one dozen bottles, carriage paid £12.

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Sherry

MATTHEW GLOAG & SON LTD.,
Perth, Scotland. Est. 1800



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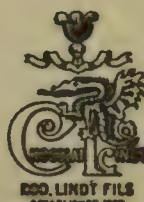
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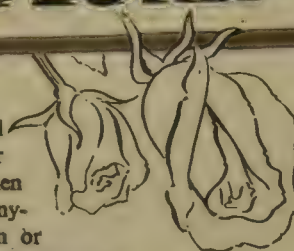
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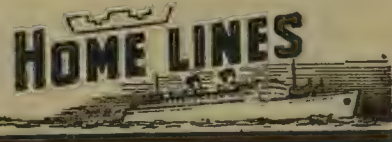


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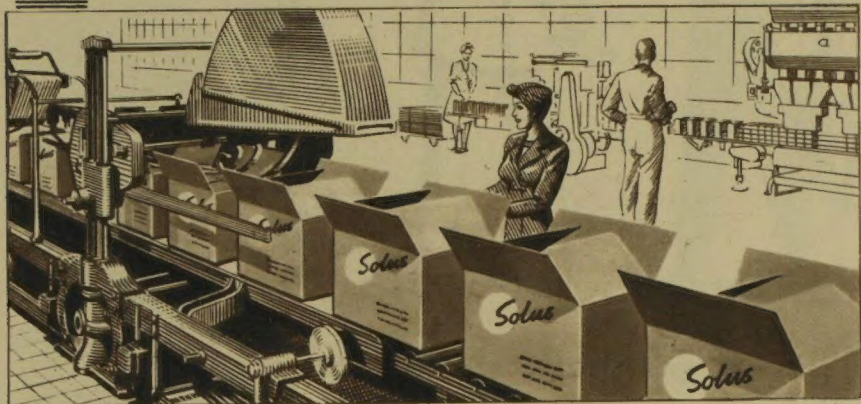
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him warm when the north wind blows. Their 2-ply reinforcement where it really counts means real comfort and long wear.

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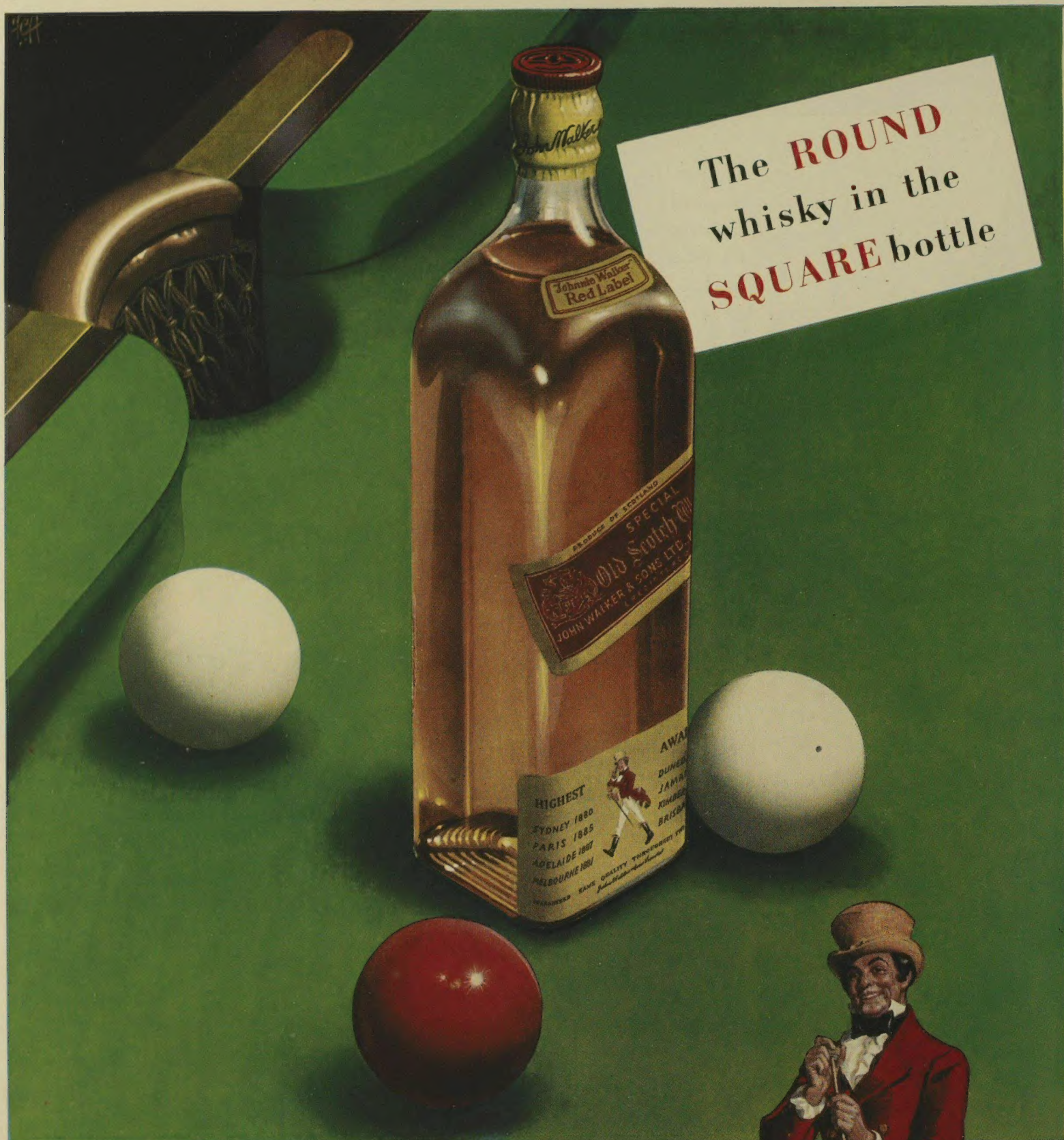
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